Obs. 78.

War of Inis-thona
Vol. I. p. 138.

POEMS

OF

OSSIAN,

THE

Son of Fingal.

TRANSLATED BY MACPHERSON.

"We may boldly assign Ossian a place among those whose works are to last for ages."—Blair.

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THE

Songs of Selma.

THE ARGUMENT.

This poem fixes the antiquity of a custom, which is well known to have prevailed afterwards, in the north of Scotland, and in Ireland. The bards, at an annual feast, provided by the king or chief, repeated their poems, and such of them as were thought, by him, worthy of being preserved, were carefully taught to their children, in order to have them transmitted to posterity. It was one of those occasions that afforded the subject of the present poem to Ossian. It is called in the original, The Songs of Selma, which title it was thought proper to adopt in the translation.

The poem is entirely lyric, and has great variety of versification. The address to the evening star, with which it opens, has, in the original, all the harmony that numbers could give it; flowing down with all that tranquility and softness, which the scene described naturally inspires.

STAR of the descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of

the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings, and the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee, and bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise.

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days that are past. Fingal comes like a watry column of mist: his heroes are around. And see the bards of the song, grey-haired Ullin; stately Ryno; Alpin†; with the tuneful voice, and the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended, like the gales of the spring, that, flying over the hill, by turns bend the feebly-whistling grass.

Minona then came forth in her beauty; with downcast look and tearful eye; her hair flew slowly on the blast that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice: for often had they seen the grave of Salgar‖, and the dark dwelling

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† Alpin is from the same root with Albion, or rather Albin, the ancient name of Britain: Alp, 'high in land, or country.' The present name of our island has its origin in the Celtic tongue; so that those who derived it from any other, betrayed their ignorance of the ancient language of our country. Britain comes from 'Breac't in,' 'variegated island,' so called from the face of the country, from the natives painting themselves, or from their party-coloured clothes.

‖ Sealg-'er, 'a hunter.'

of white-bosomed Colma¶. Comla left alone on the hill, with all her voice of music! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended round. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

COLMA. It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent shricks down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds.

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds; stars of the night appear! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the toil of the chase; his bow near him, unstrung: his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream The stream and the wind roar, nor can I hear the voice of my love. Why delays my Salgar, why the son of the hill, his promise? Here is the rock, and the tree; and here the roaring stream. Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone! With thee, I would fly from my father; with thee, from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; but we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard over the heath; let my wanderer hear me. Salgar! it is I who call. Here is the tree and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the moon appeareth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on the face of the hill. But I see him not on the brow; his dogs before him tell not that he is coming. Here I must sit alone.

¶ Cul-math, 'a woman with fine hair.'

But who are these that lie beyond me on the heath? Are they my love and my brother! Speak to me, O my friends! They answer not. My soul is tormented with fears. Ah! they are dead. Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? Why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise! Thou wert fair in the hill among thousands; he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice, sons of my love! But alas! they are silent; silent for ever! Cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock of the hill: from the top of the windy mountain, speak ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid. Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find you? No feeble voice is on the wind: no answer half-drowned in the storms of the hill.

I sit in my grief I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead: but close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind! Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the wind is on the heath; my ghost shall stand in the wind, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear, but love my voice. For sweet shall my voice be for my friends; for pleasant were they both to me.

Such was thy song, Minona, softly-blushing maid of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad. Ullin came with the harp, and gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant; the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire. But they had rested in the narrow house: and their voice was not heard in Selma. Ullin had returned one day from the chase, be-

fore the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill; their song was soft, but sad. They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men. His soul was like the soul of Fingal; his sword like the sword of Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned: his sister's eyes were full of tears. Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp with Ullin; the song of mourning rose.

RYNO. The wind and the rain are over: calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red thro' the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood? as a wave on the lonely shore?

ALPIN. My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the plain. But thou shalt fall like Morar†; and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert, terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream

† Mor-er, 'great man.'

after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when you didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain: like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar, thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step? It is thy father‖, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar; weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more shall he awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake! Farewel, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. But the

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‖ Torman, the son of Carthul, lord of I-mora, one of the western isles.

song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

The grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of Armin†. He remembers the death of his son, who fell in the days of his youth. Carmor¶ was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal. Why bursts the sigh of Armin, he said? Is there a cause to mourn? The song comes, with its music, to melt and please the soul. It is like soft mist, that, rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is gone. Why art thou sad, O Armin, chief of the sea-surrounded Gorma?

Sad I am! nor small is my cause of woe! Carmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of beauty. Colgar the valiant, lives; and Annira, fairest maid. The boughs of thy family flourish, O Carmor! but Armin is the last of his race. Dark is thy bed, O Daura! and deep thy sleep in the tomb. When shalt thou awake with thy songs? with all thy voice of music?

Arise, winds of autumn, arise; blow upon the dark heath! streams of the mountains, roar! howl, ye tempests, in the top of the oak! walk through broken clouds, O moon! show thy pale face at intervals! bring to my mind that sad night, when all my children fell; when Arindal the mighty fell; when Daura the lovely failed.

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† Armin, 'a hero.' He was chief, or petty king of Gorma, i. e. the blue island; supposed to be one of the Hebrides.

¶ Cear-mor 'a tall dark-complexioned man.'

Daura, my daughter! thou wert fair; fair as the moon on the hills of Fura†; white as the driven snow; sweet as the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was strong, thy spear was swift in the field: thy look was like mist on the wave; thy shield a red cloud in a storm. Armor renowned in war, came, and sought Daura's love; he was not long denied; fair was the hope of their friends.

Erath, son of Odgal, repined; for his brother was slain by Armar. He came disguised like a son of the sea: fair was his skiff on the wave; white his locks of age; calm his serious brow. Fairest of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armin! a rock not distant in the sea bears a tree on its side; red shines the fruit afar. There Armar waits for Daura. I come to carry his love along the rolling sea. She went; and she called on Armar. Nought answered, but the son‖ of the rock. Armar, my love; my love! why tormentest thou me with fear? hear, son of Arnart, hear: it is Daura who calleth thee! Erath the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice, and cried for her brother and her father. Arindal! Armin! none to relieve you, Daura!

Her voice came over the sea. Arindal my son descended from the hill: rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side; his

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† Fuar-a 'cold island.'

‖ By the son of the rock, the poet means the echoing back of the human voice from a rock. The vulgar were of opinion, that this repetition of sound was made by a spirit within the rock; and they, on that account, called it 'mac-talla,' 'the son who dwells in the rock.'

bow was in his hand; five dark-grey dogs attended his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore: he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick bend the thongs‖ of the hide around his limbs; he loads the wind with his groans. Arindal ascends the wave in his boat, to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the grey-feathered shaft. It sung; it sunk in thy heart. O Arindal, my son! for Erath the traitor thou diedst. The oar is stopped at once: he panted on the rock and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood? The boat is broken in twain by the waves. Armar plunges into the sea, to rescue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blast from the hill comes over the waves. He sunk and he rose no more.

Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries; nor could her father relieve her. All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon: All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind; and the rain beat hard on the side of the mountain. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening-breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief she expired. And left thee, Armin, alone. Gone is my strength in the war, and fallen my pride among women. When the storms of the mountain come; when the north lifts the waves on high: I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon I see the ghosts of my children. Half-viewless, they

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‖ The poet here only means that Erath was bound with leathern thongs.

walk in mournful conference together. Will none of you speak in pity? They do not regard their father. I am sad, O Carmor, nor small is my cause of woe!

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song; when the king heard the music of harps, and the tales of other times. The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice† of Cona! the first among a thousand bards. But age is now on my tongue: and my soul has failed. I hear sometimes, the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails in my mind: I hear the call of years. They say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame. Roll on, ye dark-brown years, for ye bring no joy on your course. Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest: my voice remains, like a blast, that roars, lonely, on a sea-surrounded rock after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there, and the distant mariner sees the waving trees.

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† Ossian is sometimes poetically called the voice of Cona.

Calthon & Colmal:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

This piece, as many more of Ossian's compositions, is addressed to one of the first Christian missionaries. The story of the poem is handed down, by tradition, thus: In the country of the Britons between the walls, two chiefs lived in the days of Fingal, Dunthalmo, lord of Teutha, supposed to be the Tweed; and Rathmor, who dwelt at Clutha, well known to be the river Clyde. Rathmor was not more renowned for his generosity and hospitality, than Dunthalmo was infamous for his cruelty and ambition. Dunthalmo, through envy, or on account of some private feuds, which subsisted between the families, murdered Rathmor at a feast; but being afterwards touched with remorse, he educated the two sons of Rathmor, Calthon and Colmar, in his own house. They growing up to man's estate, dropped some hints that they intended to revenge the death of their father, upon which Dunthalmo shut them up in two caves on the banks of Teutha, intending to take them off

privately. Colmal, the daughter of Dunthalmo, who was secretly in love with Calthon, helped him to make his escape from prison, and fled with him to Fingal, disguised in the habit of a young warrior, and implored his aid against Dunthalmo. Fingal sent Ossian with three hundred men, to Colmar's relief. Dunthalmo having previously murdered Colmar, came to a battle with Ossian; but he was killed by that hero, and his army totally defeated.

Calthon married Colmal, his deliverer; and Ossian returned to Morven.

PLEASANT is the voice of thy song, thou lonely dweller of the rock. It comes on the sound of the stream, along the narrow vale. My soul awakes, O stranger! in the midst of my hall. I stretch my hand to the spear, as in the days of other years. I stretch my hand, but it is feeble; and the sigh of my bosom grows. Wilt thou not listen, son of the rock, to the song of Ossian? My soul is full of other times; the joy of my youth returns. Thus the sun appears in the west, after the steps of his brightness have moved behind a storm; the green hills lifts their dewy heads: the blue streams rejoice in the vale. The aged hero comes forth on his staff, and his grey hair glitters in the beam. Dost thou not behold, son of the rock, a shield in Ossian's hall? It is marked with the strokes of battle; and the brightness of its bosses has failed. That shield the great Dunthalmo bore, the chief of streamy Teutha. Dunthalmo bore it in battle, before he fell by Ossian's spear. Listen, son of the rock, to the tale of other years.

Rathmor was a chief of Clutha. The feeble dwelt in his hall. The gates of Rathmor were

ever closed: his feast was always spread. The ons of the stranger came, and blessed the ge- erous chief of Clutha. Bards raised the song, nd touched the harp: and joy brightened on the ace of the mournful. Dunthalmo came, in his ride, and rushed into the combat of Rathmor. The chief of Clutha overcame; the rage of Dunthalmo rose. He came, by night, with his arriors; and the mighty Rathmor fell. He ell in his halls, where his feast was often spread or strangers.

Colmar and Calthon were young, the sons of ar-borne Rathmor. They came, in the joy of outh, into their father's hall. They behold un in his blood, and their bursting tears descend. The soul of Dunthalmo melted when he saw e children of youth; he brought them to Al- eu'ha's† walls; they grew in the house of the e. The bent the bow in his presence; and ame forth to his battles. They saw the fallen alls of their fathers; they saw the green thorn n the hall. Their tears descended in secret: nd, at times, their faces were mournful. Dun- nalmo beheld their grief: his darkening soul esigned their death. He closed them in two aves, on the echoing banks of Teutha. The un did not come there with his beams; nor the oon of heaven by night. The sons of Rathmor emained in darkness, and foresaw their death.

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† Al-teutha, or rather Balteutha, 'the town f Tweed,' the name of Duthalmo's seat. It is bserveable, that all the names in this poem are erived from the Gaelic language; which, as I ave remarked in a preceding note, is a proof hat it was once the universal language of the hole island.

The daughter of Dunthalmo wept in silence the fair-haired, blue-eyed Colmal‖. Her ey had rolled in secret on Calthon: his lovelines swelled in her soul. She trembled for her war rior; but what could Colmal do? Her arm coul not lift the spear; nor was the sword forme for her side. Her white breast never rose be neath a mail. Neither was her eye the terror heroes. What canst thou do, O Colmal! for th falling chief? Her steps are unequal: her ha is loose: her eyes look wildly through her tear She came, by night, to the hall†; and armed h lovely form in steel; the steel of a young wa rior, who fell in the first of his battles. S came to the cave of Calthon, and loosed th thong from his hands.

"Arise, son of Rathmor," she said, "aris the night is dark. Let us fly to the king Selmat, chief of fallen Clutha! I am the son Lamgal, who dwelt in thy father's hall. I hea of thy dark dwelling in the cave, and my so arose. Arise, son of Rathmor, for the night dark." "Blest voice!" replied the chie

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‖ Caol-mhal, 'a woman with small ey brows;' small eye-brows were a distinguishi part of beauty in Ossian's time: and he seldo fails to give them to the fine women of I poems.

† That is, the hall where the arms taken fr enemies were hung up as trophies. Ossian very careful to make his stories probable; for makes Colmal put on the arms of a youth kil in his first battle, as more proper for a you woman, who cannot be supposed strong enou to carry the armour of a full grown warrior.

‡ Fingal.

' comest thou from the darkly rolling clouds ? for often the ghosts of his fathers descended to Calthon's dreams, since the sun has retired from his eyes, and darkness has dwelt around him. Or art thou the son of Lamgal, the chief I often saw in Clutha ? But shall I fly to Fingal, and Colmar my brother low ? shall I fly to Morven, and the hero closed in night ? No : give me that spear, son of Lamgal, Calthon will defend his brother."

" A thousand warriors," replied the maid, ' stretch their spears round car-borne Colmar. What can Calthon do against a host so great ? Let us fly to the king of Morven, he will come with battle. His arm is stretched forth to the unhappy ; the lightning of his sword is round the weak. Arise, thou son of Rathmor ; the shades of night will fly away. Dunthalmo will behold thy steps on the field, and thou must fall in thy youth.

The sighing hero rose ; his tears descend for car-borne Colmar. He came with the maid to Selma's hall ; but he knew not that it was Colmal. The helmet covered her lovely face : and her breast rose beneath the steel. Fingal returned from the chase, and found the lovely strangers. They were like two beams of light, in the midst of the hall. The king heard the tale of grief; and turned his eyes around. A thousand heroes half-rose before him, claiming the war of Teutha. I came with my spear from the hill, and the joy of battle rose in my breast : for the king spoke to Ossian in the midst of the people.

" Son of my strength," he said, " take the spear of Fingal ; go to Teutha's mighty stream, and save the car-borne Colmar. Let thy fame return before thee like a pleasant gale ; that my soul may rejoice over my son, who renews the renown of our fathers. Ossian ! be thou a storm

in battle; but mild when the foes are low: I was thus my fame arose, O my son; and be thou like Selma's chief. When the haughty come to my halls, my eyes behold them not. But my arm is stretched forth to the unhappy. My sword defends the weak."

I rejoiced in the words of the king: and took my rattling arms. Diaran† rose at my side, and Dargo‖ king of spears. Three hundred youth

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† Diaran, father of that Connal who was unfortunately killed by Crimora, his mistress.

‖ Dargo, the son of Collath, is celebrated in other poems by Ossian. He is said to have been killed by a boar at a hunting party. The lamentation of his mistress, or wife, Mingala, over his body is extant; but whether it is of Ossian's composition, I cannot determine. It is generally ascribed to him, and has much of his manner; but some traditions mention it as an imitation by some later bard. As it has some poetic merit, I have subjoined it.

THE spouse of Dargo came in tears: for Dargo was no more! The heroes sigh over Larthon's chief: and what shall sad Mingala do? The daughter's soul vanished like morning mist, before the king of spears: but the generous glowed in his presence like the morning star.

Who was the fairest and most lovely? who but Collath's stately son? Who sat in the midst of the wise, but Dargo of the mighty deeds?

Thy hand touched the trembling harp: Thy voice was soft as summer winds. Ah me! What shall the heroes say? for Dargo fell before a boar. Pale is the lovely cheek; the look of which was firm in danger! Why hast thou failed

followed our steps: the lovely strangers were at my side. Dunthalmo heard the sound of our approach; he gathered the strength of Teutha. He stood on a hill with his host; they were like rocks broken with thunder, when their bent trees are singed and bare, and the streams of their chinks have failed.

The stream of Teutha rolled in its pride before the gloomy foe. I sent a bard to Dunthalmo, to offer the combat on the plain; but he smiled in the darkness of his pride. His unsettled host moved on the hill; like the mountain cloud, when the blast has entered its womb, and scatters the curling gloom on every side.

They brought Colmar to Teutha's bank, bound with a thousand thongs. The chief is sad, but lovely, and his eye is on his friends; for we stood, in our arms, on the opposite bank of Teutha. Dunthalmo came with his spear, and pierced the hero's side: he rolled on the bank in his blood, and we heard his broken sighs.

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our hills, thou fairer than the beams of the sun?

The daughter of Adonsion was lovely in the eyes of the valiant; she was lovely in their eyes, but she chose to be the spouse of Dargo.

But thou art alone, Mingala! the night is coming with its clouds; where is the bed of thy repose? Where but in the tomb of Dargo?

Why dost thou lift the stone, O bard? why dost thou shut the narrow house? Mingala's eyes are heavy, bard! She must sleep with Dargo.

Last night I heard the song of joy in Lartho's lofty hall. But silence now dwells around my bed. Mingala rests with Dargo.

Calthon rushed into the stream: I bounded forward on my spear. Teutha's race fell before us. Night came rolling down. Dunthalmo rested on a rock, amidst an aged wood. The rage of his bosom burned against the car-borne Calthon. But Calthon stood in his grief; he mourned the fallen Colmar; Colmar slain in youth before his fame arose.

I bade the song of woe to rise, to soothe the mournful chief: but he stood beneath a tree, and often threw his spear on earth. The humid eye of Colmal rolled near in a secret tear: she foresaw the fall of Dunthalmo, or of Clutha's battling chief.

Now half the night had passed away. Silence and darkness were on the field; sleep rested on the eyes of the heroes: Calthon's settling soul was still. His eyes were half closed; but the murmur of Teutha had not yet failed in his ear. Pale, and shewing his wounds, the ghost of Colmar came: he bended his head over the hero, and raised his feeble voice.

"Sleeps the son of Rathmor in his might, and his brother low? Did we not rise to the chase together, and pursue the dark-brown hinds? Colmar was not forgot till he fell; till death had blasted his youth. I lie pale beneath the rock of Lona. O let Calthon rise! the morning comes with its beams; and Dunthalmo will dishonour the fallen." He passed away in his blast. The rising Calthon saw the steps of his departure. He rushed in the sound of his steel, and unhappy Colmal rose. She followed her hero through night, and dragged her spear behind. But when Calthon came to Lona's rock, he found his fallen brother. The rage of his bosom rose, and he rushed among the foe. The groans of death ascend. They close around the chief. He is bound in the midst, and brought to gloomy Dun-

halmo. The shout of joy arose; and the hills of night replied.

I started at the sound: and took my father's spear. Diaran rose at my side; and the youthful strength of Dargo. We missed the chief of Clutha, and our souls were sad. I dreaded the departure of my fame; the pride of my valour ose. "Sons of Morven," I said "it is not thus our fathers fought. They rested not on the field of strangers, when the foe did not fail before hem. Their strength was like the eagles of heaven: their renown is in the song. But our people fall by degrees, and our fame begins to depart. What shall the king of Morven say, if Ossian conquers not at Teutha? Rise in your steel, ye warriors, and follow the sound of Ossian's course. He will not return, but renowned, to the echoing walls of Selma."

Morning rose on the blue waters of Teutha; Colmal stood before me in tears. She told of he chief of Clutha: and thrice the spear fell rom her hand. My wrath turned against the ranger; for my soul trembled for Calthon.

Son of the feeble hand," I said, "do Teutha's arriors fight with tears? The battle is not won ith grief; nor dwells the sigh in the soul of ar. Go to the deer of Carmun, or the lowing erds of Teutha. But leave these arms, thou n of fear: a warrior may lift them in battle."

I tore the mail from her shoulders. Her snowy reast appeared. She bent her red face to the round. I looked in silence to the chiefs. The ear fell from my hand; and the sigh of my osom rose. But when I heard the name of the aid, my crowding tears descended. I blessed he lovely beam of youth, and bade the battle ove.

Why, son of the rock, should Ossian tell how Teutha's warriors died? They are now forgot

in their land; and their tombs are not found on the heath. Years came on with their tempests: and the green mounds mouldered away. Scarce is the grave of Dunthalmo seen, or the place where he fell by the spear of Ossian. Some grey warrior, half blind with age, sitting by night at the flaming oak of the hall, tells now my actions to his sons, and the fall of the dark Dunthalmo. The faces of youth bend sidelong towards his voice; surprise and joy burn in their eyes.

I found the son† of Rathmor bound to an oak; my sword cut the thongs from his hands. And I gave him the white-bosomed Colmal. They dwelt in the halls of Teutha; and Ossian returned to Selma.

† Calthon.

Lathmon:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lathmon, a British prince, taking advantage of Fingal's absence in Ireland, made a descent on Morven, and advanced within sight of Selma the royal palace. Fingal arrived in the mean time, and Lathmon retreated to a hill, where his army was surprised by night, and himself taken prisoner by Ossian and Gaul the son of Morni. This exploit of Gaul and Ossian bears a near resemblance to the beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus in Virgil's ninth Æneid. The poem opens, with the first appearance of Fingal on the coast of Morven, and ends, it may be supposed, about noon the next day.

SELMA, thy halls are silent. There is no sound in the woods of Morven. The wave mbles alone on the coast. The silent beam the sun is on the field. The daughters of lorven come forth, like the bow of the shower; ney look towards green Ullin for the white sails the king. He had promised to return, but ne winds of the north arose.

Who pours from the eastern hill, like a stream darkness; It is the host of Lathmon. He as heard of the absence of Fingal. He trusts

in the wind of the north. His soul brighte
with joy. Why dost thou come, Lathmon? T
mighty are not in Selma. Why comest th
with thy forward spear? Will the daughters
Morven fight? But stop, O mighty stream,
thy course! Does not Lathmon behold the
sails? Why dost thou vanish, Lathmon, like t
mist of the lake? But the squally storm is behi
thee; Fingal pursues thy steps!

The king of Morven started from sleep, as
rolled on the dark blue wave. He stretched h
hand to his spear, and his heroes rose aroun
We knew that he had seen his fathers, for th
often descended to his dreams, when the swo
of the foe rose over the land; and the batt
darkened before us. "Whither hast thou fle
O wind?" said the king of Morven. "Do
thou rustle in the chambers of the south, a
pursue the shower in other lands? Why do
thou not come to my sails? to the blue face of n
seas? The foe is in the land of Morven, and t
king is absent. But let each bind on his ma
and each assume his shield. Stretch every spe
over the wave; let every sword be unsheathe
Lathmon† is before us with his host; he th
fled‖ from Fingal on the plains of Lona. But l

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† It is said, by tradition, that it was the inte
ligence of Lathmon's invasion, that occasion
Fingal's return from Ireland; though Ossi
more poetically, ascribes the cause of Finga
knowledge to his dream.

‖ He alludes to a battle wherein Fingal h
defeated Lathmon. The occasion of this fir
war, between those heroes, is told by Ossian
another poem, which the translator has seen.

irns, like a collected stream, and his roar is
ween our hills."
ich were the words of Fingal. We rushed
) Carmona's bay. Ossian ascended the hill;
thrice struck his bossy shield. The rock of
rven replied; and the bounding roes came
h. The foes were troubled in my presence:
collected their darkened host; for I stood,
a cloud on the hill, rejoicing in the arms of
youth.
lorni¶ sat beneath a tree, at the roaring wa-
of Strumon§: his locks of age are grey: he
s forward on his staff; young Gaul is near
hero, hearing the battles of his youth. Often
ne rise, in the fire of his soul, at the mighty
ls of Morni. The aged heard the sound of
an's shield: he knew the sign of battle.
started at once from his place. His grey hair
ed on his back. He remembers the actions
her years.
My son," he said to fair-haired Gaul, "I
the sound of battle. The king of Morven
turned, the sign of war is heard Go to the
of Strumon, and bring his arms to Morni.
g the arms which my father wore in his
for my arm begins to fail. Take thou thy
ur, O Gaul: and rush to the first of thy

Morni was chief of a numerous tribe, in the
nf Fingal and his father Comhal. The last
ioned hero was killed in battle against Mor-
ribe; but the valour and conduct of Fingal
ed them, at last, to obedience. We find the
heroes perfectly reconciled in this poem.
tru'-mone, 'stream of the hill.' Here the
r name of a rivulet in the neighbourhood
lma.

battles. Let thine arm reach to the renown
thy fathers. Be thy course in the field, like t
eagle's wing. Why shouldst thou fear dea
my son? the valiant fall with fame; th
shields turn the dark stream of danger aw
and renown dwells on their grey hairs. D
thou not see, O Gaul, how the steps of my
are honoured? Morni moves forth, and
young meet him, with reverence, and turn t
eyes, with silent joy, on his course. But I
ver fled from danger, my son! my sword li
ened through the darkness of battle. The st
ger melted before me; the mighty were bla
in my presence."

Gaul brought the arms to Morni: the
warrior covered himself with steel. He
the spear in his hand, which was often sta
with the blood o the valiant. He came tow
Fingal; his son attended his steps. The s
Comhal rejoiced over the warrior, when he
in the locks of his age.

"King of the roaring Strumon!" said the
ing joy of Fingal; "do I beheld thee in
after thy strength has failed? Often has M
shone in battles, like the beam of the rising
when he disperses the storms of the hill
brings peace to the glittering fields. But
didst thou not rest in thine age? Thy re
is in the song. The people behold thee
bless the departure of mighty Morni.
didst thou not rest in thine age? For t
will vanish before Fingal."

"Son of Comhal," replied the chief,
strength of Morni's arm has failed. I a
to draw the sword of my youth, but it r
in its place. I throw the spear, but it fall
of the mark; and I feel the weight of my
We decay like the grass of the mountain,
strength returns no more. I have a son,

ul, his soul has delighted in the actions of Mor-
i's youth; but his sword has not been lifted a-
inst the foe, neither has his fame begun. I
me with him to battle; to direct his arm. His
nown will be a sun to my soul, in the dark
our of my departure. O that the name of Mor-
i were forgot among the people! that the he-
es would only say, Behold the father of Gaul."

"King of Strumon," Fingal replied, "Gaul
all lift the sword in battle. But he shall lift it
fore Fingal; my arm shall defend his youth.
t rest thou in the halls of Selma; and hear of
ur renown. Bid the harp be strung; and the
oice of the bard arise, that those who fall may
ejoice in their fame; and the soul of Morni
ighten with gladness. Ossian! thou hast fought
battles: the blood of strangers is on thy spear:
et thy course be with Gaul in the strife; but de-
art not from the side of Fingal; lest the foe
nd you alone; and your fame fail at once."

I saw† Gaul in his arms, and my soul was
ixed with his: for the fire of the battle was in
is eyes! he looked to the foe with joy. We
poke the words of friendship in secret; and the
ightning of our swords poured together; for we
rew them behind the wood, and tried the
strength of our arms on the empty air.

Night came down on Morven. Fingal sat
t the beam of the oak. Morni sat by his with
ll his grey waving locks. Their discourse is of

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† Ossian speaks. The contrast between the old and young heroes is strongly marked. The circumstance of the latter's drawing their swords is well imagined, and agrees with the impatience of young soldiers, just entered upon action.

other times, and the actions of their fathers. Three bards, at times, touched the harp; and Ullin was near with his song. He sung of the mighty Comhal; but darkness gathered|| on Morni's brow. He rolled his red eye on Ullin, and the song of the bard ceased. Fingal observed the aged hero, and he mildly spoke.

"Chief of Strumon, why that darkness? Let the days of other years be forgot. Our fathers son ended in battle, but we meet together at the feast. Our swords are turned on the foes, and they melt before us on the field. Let the days of our fathers be forgot, king of mossy Strumon."

"King of Morven," replied the chief, "I remember thy father with joy. He was terrible in battle; the rage of the chief was deadly. My eyes were full of tears, when the king of heroes fell. The valiant fall, O Fingal, and the feeble remain on the hills. How many heroes have passed away, in the days of Morni! And I did not shun the battle; neither did I fly from the strife of the valiant. Now let the friends of Fingal rest; for the night is around; that they may rise, with strength, to battle against car-borne Lathmon. I hear the sound of his host, like thunder moving on the hills. Ossian! and

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|| Ullin had chosen ill the subject of his song. The "darkness which gathered on Morni's brow," did not proceed from any dislike he had to Comhal's name, though they were foes, but from his fear that the song would awaken Fingal to remembrance of the feuds which had subsisted of old between their families. Fingal's speech on this occasion abounds with generosity and good sense.

fair-haired Gaul! ye are swift in the race. Observe the foes of Fingal from that woody hill. But approach them not, your fathers are not near to shield you. Let not your fame fall at once. The valour of youth may fail."

We heard the words of the chief with joy, and moved in the clang of our arms. Our steps are in the woody hill. Heaven burns with all its stars. The meteors of death fly over the field. The distant noise of the foe reached our ears. It was then Gaul spoke, in his valour; his hand half unsheathed the sword.

"Son of Fingal," he said, "why burns the soul of Gaul? my heart beats high. My steps are disordered; and my hand trembles on my sword. When I look towards the foe, my soul lightens before me, and I see their sleeping host. Tremble thus the souls of the valiant in battles of the spear? How would the soul of Morni rise if we should rush on the foe! Our renown would grow in the song; and our steps be stately in the eyes of the brave."

"Son of Morni," I replied, "my soul delights in battle. I delight to shine in battle alone, and to give my name to the bards But what if the foe should prevail; shall I behold the eyes of the king? They are terrible in his displeasure, and like the flames of death. But I will not behold them in his wrath. Ossian shall prevail or fall. But shall the fame of the vanquished rise? They pass away like a shadow. But the fame of Ossian shall rise. His deeds shall be like his fathers. Let us rush in our arms; son of Morni, let us rush to battle. Gaul! if thou shalt return, go to Selma's lofty wall. Tell to Everallin that I fell with fame; carry this sword to Branno's daughter. Let her give it to Oscar, when the years of his youth shall arise."

"Son of Fingal," Gaul replied with a sigh; "shall I return after Ossian is low! What would my father say, and Fingal, king of men? The feeble would turn their eyes and say, Behold the mighty Gaul who left his friend in his blood! Ye shall not behold me, ye feeble, but in the midst of my renown. Ossian! I have heard from my father the mighty deeds of heroes; their mighty deeds when alone; for the soul increases in danger."

"Son of Morni," I replied, and strode before him on the heath, "our fathers shall praise our valour, when they mourn our fall. A beam of gladness shall rise on their souls, when their eyes are full of tears. They will say, Our sons have not fallen like the grass of the field, for they spread death around them. But why should we think of the narrow house? The sword defends the valiant. But death pursues the flight of the feeble; and their renown is not heard."

We rushed forward through night; and came to the roar of a stream which bent its blue course round the foe, through trees that echoed to its noise; we came to the bank of the stream, and saw the sleeping host. Their fires were decayed on the plain: and the lonely steps of their scouts were distant far. I stretched my spear before me to support my steps over the stream. But Gaul took my hand, and spoke the words of the valiant.

"Shall the son of Fingal rush on a sleeping foe? Shall he come like a blast by night, when it overturns the young trees in secret! Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor dwells renown on the grey hairs of Morni, for actions like these. Strike, Ossian, strike the shield of battle and let their thousands rise. Let them meet Gaul in his first battle, that he may try the strength of his arm."

My soul rejoiced over the warrior, and my bursting tears descended. "And the foe shall meet Gaul," I said: "the fame of Morni's son shall arise. But rush not too far, my hero: let the gleam of thy steel be near to Ossian. Let our hands join in slaughter, Gaul! dost thou not behold that rock? Its grey side dimly gleams to the stars. If the foe shall prevail, let our back be towards the rock. Then shall they fear to approach our spears: for death is in our hands!"

I struck thrice my echoing shield. The starting foe arose. We rushed on in the sound of our arms. Their crowded steps fly over the heath: for they thought that the mighty Fingal came; and the strength of their arms withered away. The sound of their flight was like that of flame, when it rushes through the blasted groves. It was then the spear of Gaul flew in its strength: it was then his sword arose. Cremor fell, and mighty Leth. Dun'hormo struggled in his blood. The steel rushed through Crotha's side, as bent, he rose on his spear; the black stream poured from the wound, and hissed on the half-extinguished oak. Cathmin saw the steps of the hero behind him, and ascended a blasted tree; but the spear pierced him from behind. Shrieking, panting, he fell; moss and withered branches pursue his fall, and strew the blue arms of Gaul.

Such were thy deeds, son of Morni, in the first of thy battles. Nor slept the sword by thy side, thou last of Fingal's race! Ossian rushed forward in his strength, and the people fell before him; as the grass by the staff of the boy, when he whistles along the field, and the grey beard of the thistle falls. But careless the youth moves on; his steps are towards the desert.

Grey morning rose around us; the winding streams are bright along the heath. The foe gathered on a hill; and the rage of Lathmon rose. He bent the red eye of his wrath: he is silent in his rising grief. He often struck his bossy shield; and his steps are unequal on the heath. I saw the distant darkness of the hero, and I spoke to Morni's son.

"Car-borne† chief of Strumon, dost thou behold the foe? They gather on the hill in their wrath. Let our steps be towards the king. He shall arise in his strength, and the host of Lathmon vanish. Our fame is around us, warrior, the eyes of the aged will rejoice. But let us fly, son of Morni, Lathmon descends the hill." "Then let our steps be slow," replied the fair-haired Gaul; "lest the foe say, with a smile, Behold the warriors of night: they are like ghosts, terrible in darkness, but they melt away before the beam of the east. Ossian, take the shield of Gormar who fell beneath thy spear, that the aged heroes may rejoice, when they shall behold the actions of their sons."

Such were our words on the plain, when Sulmath came to car-borne Lathmon: Sulmath, chief of Dutha, at the dark-rolling stream of Duvrannat. "Why dost thou not rush, son of

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† Car-borne is a title of honour bestowed, by Ossian, indiscriminately on every hero: as every chief, in his time, kept a chariot or litter by way of state.

‡ Dubh-bhranna, 'dark-mountain-stream.' What river went by this name, in the days of Ossian, is not easily ascertained, at this distance of time. A river in Scotland, which falls into the sea at Banff, still retains the name of Duvran-

Nuath, with a thousand of thy heroes? Why dost thou not descend with thy host, before the warriors fly? their blue arms are beaming to the rising light, and their steps are before us on the heath."

"Son of the feeble hand," said Lathmon, "shall my host descend? They are but two, son of Dutha, and shall a thousand lift their steel? Nuath would mourn, in his hall, for the departure of his fame. His eyes would turn from Lathmon, when the tread of his feet approached. Go thou to the heroes, chief of Dutha, for I behold the stately steps of Ossian. His fame is worthy of my steel; let him fight with Lathmon."

The noble Sulmath came. I rejoiced in the words of the king. I raised the shield on my arm; and Gaul placed in my hand the sword of Morni. We returned to the murmuring stream; Lathmon came in his strength. His dark host rolled, like the clouds, behind him: but the son of Nuath was bright in his steel.

"Son of Fingal," said the hero, "thy fame has grown on our fall. How many lie there of my people by thy hand, thou king of men! Lift now thy spear against Lathmon; and lay the son of Nuath low. Lay him low among his people, or thou thyself must fall. It shall never be told in my halls that my warriors fell in my presence; that they fell in the presence of Lathmon when his sword rested by his side: the blue eyes

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If that is meant by Ossian, in this passage, Lathmon must have been a prince of the Pictish nation, or those Caledonians who inhabited of old the eastern coast of Scotland.

of Cutha† would roll in tears, and her steps be lonely in the vales of Dunlathmon "

"Neither shall it be told," I replied, "that the son of Fingal fled. Were his steps covered with darkness yet would not Ossian fly; his soul would meet him and say, Does the bard of Selma fear the foe? No: he does not fear the foe. His joy is in the midst of battle."

Lathmon came on with his spear and pierced the shield of Ossian. I felt the cold steel at my side; and drew the sword of Morni: I cut the spear in twain; the bright point fell glittering on the ground. The son of Nuath burnt in his wrath, and lifted high his sounding shield. His dark eyes rolled above it, as bending forward, it shone like a gate of brass. But Ossian's spear pierced the brightness of its bosses, and sunk in a tree that rose behind. The shield hung on the quivering lance! but Lathmon still advanced. Gaul foresaw the fall of the chief, and stretched his buckler before my sword; when it descended, in a stream of light, over the king of Dunlathmon.

Lathmon beheld the son of Morni, and the tear started from his eye. He threw the sword of his fathers on the ground, and spoke the words of the valiant. "Why should Lathmon fight against the first of mortal men? Your souls are beams from heaven; your swords the flames of death. Who can equal the renown of the heroes, whose actions are so great in youth? O that ye were in the halls of Nuath, in the green dwelling of Lathmon! then would my father say, that his son did not yield to the feeble. But

† Cutha appears to have been Lathmon's wife or mistress.

who comes, a mighty stream, along the echoing heath? the little hills are troubled before him, and a thousand spirits are on the beams of his steel; the spirits† of those who are to fall by the arm of the king of resounding Morven. Happy art thou, O Fingal, thy sons shall fight thy battles; they go forth before thee: and they return with the steps of renown."

Fingal came, in his mildness, rejoicing in secret over the actions of his son. Morni's face brightened with gladness, and his aged eyes looked faintly through the tears of joy. We came to the halls of Selma, and sat round the feast of shells. The maids of the song came into our presence, and the mildly blushing Everallin. Her dark hair spread on her neck of snow, her eyes rolled in secret on Ossian; she touched the harp of music, and we blessed the daughter of Branno.

Fingal rose in his place, and spoke to Dunlathmon's battling king. The sword of Trenmor trembled by his side, as he lifted up his mighty arm. "Son of Nuath," he said, "why dost thou search for fame in Morven? We are not of the race of the feeble, nor do our swords gleam over the weak. When did we come to Dunlathmon, with the sound of war? Fingal does not delight in battle, though his arm is strong. My renown grows on the fall of the haughty. The lightning of my steel pours on the proud in arms. The battle comes: and the tombs of the valiant rise; the tombs of my people rise, O my fathers!

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† It was thought, in Ossian's time, that each person had his attending spirit. The traditions concerning this opinion are dark and unsatisfactory.

and I at last must remain alone. But I will remain renowned, and the departure of my soul shall be one stream of light. Lathmon! retire to thy place. Turn thy battles to other lands. The race of Morven are renowned, and their foes are the sons of the unhappy!"

Oithona:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Gaul, the son of Morni, attended Lathmon into his own country, after his being defeated in Morven, as related in the preceding poem. He was kindly entertained by Nuath the father of Lathmon, and fell in love with his daughter Oithona. The lady was no less enamoured of Gaul, and a day was fixed for their marriage. In the mean time, Fingal, preparing for an expedition into the country of the Britons, sent for Gaul. He obeyed, and went; but not without promising to Oithona to return, if he survived the war, by a certain day. Lathmon too was obliged to attend his father Nuath in his wars, and Oithona was left alone at Dunlathmon, the seat of the family. Dunrommath, lord of Uthal, supposed to be one of the Orkneys, taking advantage of the absence of her friends, came and carried off, by force, Oithona, who had formerly rejected his love, into Tromathon, a desert island, where he concealed her in a cave.

Gaul returned on the day appointed; heard of the rape, and sailed to Tromathon, to revenge himself on Dunrommath. When he landed, he found Oithona disconlate, and resolved not to survive the loss of her honour. She told him the story of her misfortunes, and she scarce ended, when Dunrommath with his followers, appeared at the further end of the island. Gaul prepared to attack him, recommending to Oithona to retire, till the battle was over. She seemingly obeyed; but she secretly armed herself, rushed into the thickest of the battle, and was mortally wounded. Gaul pursuing the flying enemy, found her just expiring on the field; he mourned over her, raised her tomb, and returned to Morven. Thus is the story handed down by tradition; nor is it given with any material difference in the poem, which opens with Gaul's return to Dunlathmon, after the rape of Oithona.

DARKNESS dwells around Dunlathmon, though the moon shews half her face on the hill. The daughter of night turns her eyes away; for she beholds the grief that is coming. the son of Morni is on the plain; but there is no sound in the hall. No long streaming beam of light comes trembling through the gloom. The voice of Oithona† is not heard amidst the noise of the streams of Duvrauna. "Whither art thou gone in thy beauty, dark-haired daughter of Nuath? Lathmon is in the field of the valiant, but thou didst promise to remain in the hall; thou didst promise to remain in the hall till the son of Morni returned. Till he returned from

† Oithona, 'the virgin of the wave.'

Strumon, to the maid of his love. The tear was on thy cheek at his departure; the sigh rose in secret in thy breast. But thou dost not come to meet him, with songs, with the lightly-trembling sound of the harp."

Such were the words of Gaul, when he came to Dunlathmon's towers. The gates were open and dark. The winds were blustering in the hall. The trees strewed the threshold with leaves; and the murmur of night was abroad. Sad and silent, at a rock, the son of Morni sat: his soul trembled for the maid; but he knew not whither to turn his course. The son of Leth stood at a distance, and heard the winds in his bushy hair. But he did not raise his voice, for he saw the sorrow of Gaul.

Sleep descended on the heroes. The visions of night arose. Oithona stood in a dream, before the eyes of Morni's son. Her dark hair was loose and disordered: her lovely eye rolled in tears. Blood stained her snowy arm. The robe half hid the wound of her breast. She stood over the chief, and her voice was heard.

"Sleeps the son of Morni, he that was lovely in the eyes of Oithona? Sleeps Gaul at the distant rock, and the daughter of Nuath low? The sea rolls round the dark isle of Tromathon; I sit in my tears in the cave. Nor do I sit alone, O Gaul, the dark chief of Cuthal is there. He is there in the rage of his love. And what can Oithona do?"

A rougher blast rushed through the oak. The dream of night departed. Gaul took his aspen spear; he stood in the rage of wrath. Often did his eyes turn to the east, and accuse the lagging light. At length the morning came forth. The hero lifted up the sail. The winds came rustling from the hill; and he bounded on the waves of the deep. On the third day arose Tromathon,

like a blue shield in the midst of the sea. The white wave roared against its rocks; sad Oithona sat on the coast. She looked on the rolling waters, and her tears descend. But when she saw Gaul in his arms, she started and turned her eyes away. Her lovely cheek is bent and red; her white arm trembles by her side. Thrice she strove to fly from his presence; but her steps failed her as she went.

"Daughter of Nuath," said the hero, "why dost thou fly from Gaul? Do my eyes send forth the flame of death? or darkens hatred in my soul? Thou art to me the beam of the east, rising in a land unknown. But thou coverest thy face with sadness, daughter of high Dunlathmon! Is the foe of Oithona near? My soul burns to meet him in battle. The sword trembles on the side of Gaul, and longs to glitter in his hand. Speak, daughter of Nuath, dost thou not behold my tears?"

"Car-borne chief of Strumon," replied the sighing maid, "why comest thou over the dark-blue wave to Nuath's mournful daughter! Why did I not pass away in secret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unseen, and strews its withered leaves on the blast? Why didst thou come, O Gaul, to hear my departing sigh? I pass away in my youth; and my name shall not be heard. Or it will be heard with sorrow, and the tears of Nuath will fall. Thou wilt be sad, son of Morni, for the fallen fame of Oithona. But she shall sleep in the narrow tomb, far from the voice of the mourner. Why didst thou come, chief of Strumon, to the sea-beat rocks of Tromathon?"

"I came to meet thy foes, daughter of car-borne Nuath! the death of Cuthal's chief darkens before me; or Morni's son shall fall. Oithona! when Gaul is low, raise my tomb on the

ezy rock; and when the dark-bounding ship hall pass, call the sons of the sea; call them nd give this sword, that they may carry it to Morni's hal ; that the grey-haired hero may ease to look towards the desert for the return of his son."

"And shall the daughter of Nuath live?" she eplied with a bursting sigh. "Shall I live in Tromathon, and the son of Morni low? My heart is not of that rock; nor my soul careless s that sea, which lifts its blue waves to every wind, and rolls beneath the storm. The blast which shall lay thee low, shall spread the branches of Oithona on earth We shall wither ogether, son of car-borne Morni! the narrow house is pleasant to me, and the grey stone of he dead: for never more will I leave thy rocks, sea-surrounded Tromathon! Night† came on with her clouds, after the departure of Lathmon, when he went to the wars of his fathers, to the moss-covered rock of Duthormoth: night came on, and I sat in t e hall, at the beam of the oak. The wind was abroad in the trees. I heard the sound of arms. Joy rose in my face; for I thought of thy return. It was the chief of Cuthal, the red-haired strength of Dunrommath His eyes rolled in fire: the blood of my people was on his sword. They who defended Oithona fell by the gloomy chief. What could I do? My arm was weak; it could not lift the spear. He took me in my grief amidst my tears he raised the sail. He feared the returning strength of Lathmon, the brother of unhappy Oithona. But behold, he comes with his people! the dark wave

† Oithona relates how she was carried away by Dunrommath.

is divided before him! Whither wilt thou turn thy steps, son of Morni? Many are the warriors of Dunrommath!"

"My steps never turned from battle," replied the hero as he unsheathed his sword; "and shall I begin to fear, Oithona, when thy foes are near? Go to thy cave, daughter of Nuath, till our battle cease. Son of Leth, bring the bows of our fathers; and the sounding quiver of Morni. Let our three warriors bend the yew. Ourselves will lift the spear. They are an host on the rock; but our souls are strong."

The daughter of Nuath went to the cave; a troubled joy rose on her mind, like the red path of the lightning on a stormy cloud. Her soul was resolved, and the tear was dried from her wildly-looking eye. Dunrommath slowly approached, for he saw the son of Morni. Contempt contracted his face, a smile is on his dark-brown cheek; his eye red rolled, half concealed, beneath his shaggy brows.

"Whence are the sons of the sea?" begun the gloomy chief. "Have the winds driven you to the rocks of Tromathon? Or come you in search of the white-handed daughter of Nuath? The sons of the unhappy, ye feeble men, come to the hand of Dunrommath. His eye spares not the weak, and he delights in the blood of strangers. Oithona is a beam of light, and the chief of Cuthal enjoys it in secret: wouldst thou come on its loveliness, like a cloud, son of the feeble hand? Thou mayest come, but shalt thou return to the halls of thy fathers?"

"Dost thou not know me," said Gaul, "red-haired chief of Cuthal? Thy feet were swift on the heath, in the battle of car-borne Lathmon: when the sword of Morni's son pursued his host in Morven's woody land. Dunrommath! thy words are mighty, for thy warriors gather be-

hind thee. But do I fear them, son of pride? I am not of the race of the feeble."

Gaul advanced in his arms; Dunrommath shrunk behind his people. But the spear of Gaul pierced the gloomy chief, and his sword lopped off his head, as it bended in death The son of Morni shook it thrice by the lock; the warriors of Dunrommath fled The arrows of Morven pursued them: ten fell on the mossy rocks. The rest lift the sounding sail, and bound on the echoing deep. Gaul advanced towards the cave of Oithona. He beheld a youth leaning against a rock. An arrow had pierced his side: and his eye rolled faintly beneath his helmet. The soul of Morni's son is sad, he came and spoke the words of peace

"Can the hand of Gaul heal thee, youth of the mournful brow? I have searched for the herbs of the mountains; I have gathered them on the secret banks of their streams. My hand has closed the wound of the valiant, and their eyes have blessed the son of Morni. Where dwelt thy fathers, warrior? Were they of the sons of the mighty? Sadness shall come, like night on thy native streams; for thou art fallen in thy youth."

"My fathers," replied the stranger, "were of the race of the mighty; but they shall not be sad, for my fame is departed like morning mist; High walls rise on the banks of Duvranna; and see their mossy towers in the stream; a rock ascends behind them with its bending firs. Thou mayest behold it far distant. There my brother dwells. He is renowned in battle: give him this glittering helmet."

The helmet fell from the hand of Gaul; for it was the wounded Oithona. She had armed herself in the cave, and came in search of death. Her heavy eyes are half-closed; the blood pours

from her side. "Son of Morni," she said, prepare the narrow tomb. Sleep comes, like a cloud, on my soul. The eyes of Oithona are dim. O had I dwelt at Duvranna, in the bright beam of my fame! then had my years come on with joy; and the virgins would bless my steps. But I fall in youth, son of Morni, and my father shall blush in his hall."

She fell pale on the rock of Tromathon. The mournful hero raised her tomb. He came to Morven; but we saw the darkness of his soul. Ossian took the harp in the praise of Oithona. The brightness of the face of Gaul returned. But his sigh rose, at times, in the midst of his friends, like blasts that shake their unfrequent wings, after the stormy winds are laid.

Croma:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, is overhead by Ossian lamenting the death of Oscar her lover. Ossian, to divert her grief, relates his own actions in an expedition which he undertook, at Fingal's command, to aid Crothar the petty king of Croma, a country in Ireland, against Rothmar who invaded his dominions. The story is delivered down thus, in tradition. Crothar, king of Croma, being blind with age, and his son too young for the field, Rothmar, the chief of Tromlo, resolved to avail himself of the opportunity offered of annexing the dominions of Crothar to his own He accordingly marched into the country subject to Crothar, but which he held of Arth or Artho, who was at the time supreme king of Ireland.

Crothar being, on account of his age and blindness, unfit for action, sent for aid to Fingal king of Scotland; who ordered his son Ossian to the relief of Crothar. But before his arrival, Fovar-gormo, the son of Crothar, attacking Rothmar, was slain himself, and his forces

totally defeated. Ossian renewed the war came to battle killed Rothmar, and routed h army. Croma, being thus delivered of i enemies, Ossian returned to Scotland.

"IT was the voice of my love! few are h visits t the dreams of Malvin! Op your airy halls, ye fathers of mighty Tosc Unfold the gates of your c ouds; the ste s Malvina's depa ture are near. I have heard voice in my dream. I feel the fluttering of n soul. Why didst thou come, O blast, from t dark-rolling of the lak ? Thy rustling wing w in the trees, the dream of Malvina departe But she beheld her love, when his robe of mi flew on the wind; the beam of the sun was his skirts, they glittered like the gold of t stranger. It was the voice of my love! few a his visits to my dreams!

"But thou dwellest in the soul of Malvin son of mighty Ossian. My sighs arise with t beam of the east; my tears descend with t drops of night. I was a lovely tree, in thy pr sence, Oscar, with all my branches round m but thy death came like a blast from the dese and laid my green head low; the spring return with its showers, but no leaf of mine arose. T virgins saw me silent in the hall, and they touc ed the harp of joy. The tear was on the che of Malvina: the virgins beheld me in my gri Why art thou sad, they said; thou first of t maids of Lutha? Was he lovely as the beam the morning, and stately in thy sight?"

Pleasant is thy song in Ossian's ear, daught of streamy Lutha! Thou hast heard the mus of departed bards in the dream of thy rest, wh sleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of M ruth. When thou didst return from the chas in the day of the sun, thou hast heard the mus

the bards, and thy song is lovely. It is love-
, O Malvina, but it melts the soul. There is a
y in grief when peace dwells in the breast of
e sad. But sorrow wastes the mournful, O
ughter of Toscar, and their days are few. They
l away, like the flower on which the sun looks
his strength after the mildew has passed over
and its head is heavy with the drops of night.
tend to the tale of Ossian, O maid; he re-
embers the days of his youth.

The king commanded; I raised my sails, and
shed into the bay of Croma: into Croma's
unding bay in lovely Innis-fail‖. High on the
ast arose the towers of Crothar, king of spears;
othar renowned in the battles of his youth;
t age dwelt then around the chief. Rothmar
ised the sword against the hero; and the wrath
Fingal burned. He sent Ossian to meet Roth-
ar in battle, for the chief of Croma was the
mpanion of his youth. I sent the bard before
e with songs; I came into the hall of Crothar.
here sat the hero amidst the arms of his fa-
ers, but his eyes had failed. His grey locks
aved around a staff, on which the warrior
aned. He hummed the song of other times,
hen the sound of our arms reached his ears.
othar rose, stretched his aged hand, and blessed
e son of Fingal.

"Ossian," said the hero, "the strength of
rothar's arm has failed. O could I lift the
vord, as on the day that Fingal fought at
rutha! He was the first of mortal men; but
rothar had also his fame. The king of
Morven praised me, and he placed on my arm

‖ Innis-fail, one of the ancient names of Ire-
and.

the bossy shield of Calthar, whom the he had slain in war. Dost thou not behold it the wall, for Crothar's eyes have failed? Is t strength, like thy father's, Ossian? let the ag feel thine arm."

I gave my arm to the king; he feels it wi his aged hands. The sigh rose in his brea and his tears descended. "Thou art strong, n son," he said, "but not like the king of Morve But who is like that hero among the mighty war? Let the feast of my halls be spread; a let my bards raise the song. Great is he that within my walls, sons of echoing Croma?" T feast is spread. The harp is heard; and joy in the hall. But it was joy covering a sigh, th darkly dwelt in every breast. It was like t faint beam of the moon, spread on a cloud heaven. At length the music ceased, and t aged king of Croma spoke; he spoke without tear, but the sigh swelled in the midst of l voice.

"Son of Fingal! dost thou not behold t darkness of Crothar's hall of shells? My so was not dark at the feast, when my people live I rejoiced in the presence of strangers, when r son shone in the hall. But, Ossian, he is a bea that is departed, and left no streak of light behir He is fallen, son of Fingal, in the battles of l father Rothmar, the chief of grassy Trom heard that my eyes had failed; he heard th my arms were fixed in the hall, and the pri of his sout arose. He came towards Croma; r people fell before him. I took my arms in t hall; but what could sightless Crothar do? M steps were unequal; my grief was great. wished for the days that were past. Day wherein t fought; and conquered in the field blood. My son returned from the chase: t fair-haired Fovar-gormo. He had not lifted

word in battle, for his arm was young. But the oul of the youth was great; the fire of valour urnt in his eyes. He saw the disordered steps f his father, and his sigh arose. "King of roma," he said, "is it because thou hast no on? Is it for the weakness of Fovar-gormo's rm that thy sighs arise? I begin, my father, to el the strength of my arm; I have drawn the word of my youth; and I have bent the bow. et me meet this Rothmar, with the youths of roma: let me meet him, O my father; for I el my burning soul!"

"And thou shalt meet him," I said, "son of ne sightless Crothar! But let others advance efore thee, that I may hear the tread of thy et at thy return; for my eyes behold thee not, ir-haired Fovar-gormo! He went, he met the e; he fell. The foe advances towards Croma, le who slew my son is near, with all his point-d spears."

It is not time to fill the shell, I replied, and ock my spear. My people saw the fire of my yes, and they rose around. All night we strode ong the heath. Grey morning rose in the east. green narrow vale appeared before us; nor d it want its blue stream. The dark host of othmar are on its banks, with all their glit-ring arms. We fought along the vale; they ed; Rothmar sunk beneath my sword. Day ad not descended in the west when I brought is arms to Crothar. The aged hero felt them ith his hands; and joy brightened in his soul.

The people gather to the hall; the sound of ne shells is heard. Ten harps are strung; five rds advance, and sing by turns†, the praise of

† Those extempore compositions were in great pute among succeeding bards. The pieces ex-

Ossian; they poured, forth there burning soul
and the harp answered to their voice. The jo
of Croma was great: for peace returned to th

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tant of that kind shew more of the good ea
than of the poetical genius of their authors. Th
translator has only met with one poem of th
sort, which he thinks worthy of being preserve
It is a thousand years later than Ossian, but t
authors seem to have observed his manner, a
adopted some of his expressions. The story
it is this. Five bards passing the night in t
house of a chief, who was a poet himself, we
severally to make their observations on, and r
turned with an extempore description of, nigh
The night happened to be one in October, as a
pears from the poem; and, in the north of Sc
land, it has all that variety which the bar
ascribe to it in their descriptions.

FIRST BARD.

NIGHT is dull and dark. The clouds rest
the hills. No star with green trembling bea
no moon looks from the sky. I hear the bl
in the wood; but I hear it distant far. T
stream of the valley murmurs; but its murm
is sullen and sad. From the tree at the gr
of the dead the long-howling owl is heard.
see a dim form on the plain! It is a ghost
fades---it flies. Some funeral shall pass this w
the meteor marks the path.

The distant dog is howling from the hut
the hill. The stag lies on the mountain mo
the hind is at his side. She hears the wind
his branchy horns. She starts, but lies again

The roe is in the clift of the rock; the hea
cock's head is beneath his wing. No beast,

and. The night came on with silence, and the morning returned with joy. No foe came in

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bird is abroad, but the owl and the howling fox. She on a leafless tree; he in a cloud on the hill.

Dark, panting, trembling, sad, the traveller has lost his way. Through shrubs, through thorns, he goes, along the gurgling rill. He fears the rock and the fen. He fears the ghost of night. The old tree groans to the blast; the falling branch resounds. The wind drives the withered burs, clung together, along the grass. It is the light tread of a ghost! He trembles amidst the night..

Dark, dusky, howling is night! cloudy, windy, and full of ghosts! The dead are abroad! My friends, receive me from the night.

SECOND BARD.

The wind is up. The shower descends, The spirit of the mountain shrieks. Woods fall from high. Windows flap. The growing river roars. The traveller attempts the ford. Hark, that shriek! he dies!—The storm drives the horse from the hill, the goat, the lowing cow. They tremble, as drives the shower, beside the mouldering bank.

The hunter starts from sleep, in his lonely hut; he wakes the fire decayed. His wet dogs smoke around him. He fills the chinks with heath. Loud roar two mountain-streams which meet beside his booth.

Sad, on the side of a hill, the wandering shepherd sits. The tree resounds above him. The stream roars down the rock. He waits for the rising moon to guide him to his home.

darkness, with his glittering spear. The joy o Croma was great; for the gloomy Rothmar wa fallen.

Ghosts ride on the storm to-night. Sweet i their voice between the squalls of wind. Thei songs are of other worlds.

The rain is past. The dry wind blows. Stream roar, and windows flap. Cold drops fall fro the roof. I see the starry sky. But the showe gathers again. The west is gloomy and darl Night is stormy and dismal. Receive me, m friends, from night.

THIRD BARD.

The wind still sounds between the hills; ar whistles through the grass of the rock. The fi fall from their place. The turfy hut is torn. Th clouds, divided, fly over the sky, and shew tl burning stars. The meteor, token of death flies sparkling through the gloom. It rests o the hill. I see the withered fern, the darl browed rock, the fallen oak. Who is that his shroud beneath the tree, by the stream?

The waves dark-tumble on the lake, and las its rocky sides. The boat is brimful in the cov the oars on the rocking tide. A maid sits s beside the rock, and eyes the rolling strear Her lover promised to come. She saw his boa when yet it was light, on the lake. Is this h broken boat on the shore? Are these his groa on the wind?

Ha-k! the hail rattles around. The flak snow descends. The tops of the hills are whit The stormy winds abate. Various is the nig and cold. Receive me, my friends, from night.

I raised my voice for Fovar-gormo, when they
d the chief in earth. The aged Crothar was

FOURTH BARD.

Night is calm and fair; blue, starry, settled night. The winds, with the clouds are gone. hey sink behind the hill. The moon is up on e mountain. Trees glitter: streams shine on e rock. Bright rolls the settled lake; bright e stream of the vale.

I see the trees overturned; the shocks of corn n the plain. The wakeful hind rebuilds the nocks, and whistles on the distant field.

Calm, settled, fair is night! Who comes from ie place of the dead? That form with the robe f snow; white arms and dark-brown hair! It the daughter of the chief of the people; she nat lately fell! Come, let us view thee, O maid! nou that hast been the delight of heroes! The ast drives the phantom away; white, without orm, it ascends the hill.

The breezes drive the blue mist, slowly, over he narrow vale. It rises on the hill, and joins s head to heaven. Night is settled, calm, blue, tarry, bright with the moon. Receive me not, ny frien ds, for lovely is the night!

FIFTH BARD.

Night is calm, but drear. The moon is in a cloud in the west: Slow moves that pale beam long the shaded hill. The distant wave is heard. The torrent murmurs on the rock. The cock is heard from the booth. More than half the night s past. The house-wife, groping in the gloom, ekindles the settled fire. The hunter thinks hat day approaches, and calls his bounding dogs. He ascends the hill and whistles on his way. A

there, but his sigh was not heard. He search
for the wound of his son, and found it in h

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blast removes the cloud. He sees the star
plough of the north. Much of the night is
pass. He nods by the mossy rock.

Hark! the whirlwind is in the wood! A lo
murmur in the vale! It is the mighty army
the dead returning from the air.

The moon rests behind the hill. The beam
still on that lofty rock. Long are the shadow
of the trees. Now it is dark over all. Night
dreary, silent, and dark. Receive me, m
friends, from night.

THE CHIEF.

Let clouds rest on the hills: spirits fly ar
travellers fear. Let the winds of the woods aris
the sounding storms descend. Roar stream
and windows flap, and green-winged meteors fly
rise the pale moon from behind her hills, or i
close her head in clouds; night is alike to m
blue, stormy, or gloomy the sky. Night fli
before the beam when it is poured on the hil
The young day returns from his clouds, but w
return no more!

Where are our chiefs of old? Where our king
of mighty name? The fields of their battles a
silent. Scarce their mossy tombs remain. W
shall also be forgot. This lofty house shall fal
Our sons shall not behold the ruins in gras
They shall ask of the aged, "Where stood th
walls of our fathers?"

Raise the song, and strike the harp! sen
round the shells of joy. Suspend a hundre
tapers on high. Youths and maids begin th
dance. Let some grey bard be near me to te

breast. Joy rose in the face of the aged. He came and spoke to Ossian.

"King of spears!" he said, "my son has not fallen without his fame. The young warrior did not fly; but met death as he went forward in his strength. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is heard! The feeble will not behold them in the hall; or smile at their trembling hands. Their memory shall be honoured in the song; the young tear of the virgin falls. But the aged wither away, by degrees, and the fame of their youth begins to be forgot. They fall in secret; the sigh of their son is not heard. Joy is around their tomb; and the stone of their fame is placed without a tear. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is around them!"

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the deeds of other times; of kings renowned in our land, of chiefs we behold no more. Thus let the night pass, until morning shall appear in our halls. Then let the bow be at hand, the dogs, the youths of the chase. We shall ascend the hill with day, and awake the deer.

Berrathon:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fingal in his voyage to Lochlin, whither he
been invited by Starno, the father of Ag
decca, touched at Berrathon, an island
Scandinavia, where he was kindly entertai
by Larthmor, the petty king of the place, v
was a vassal of the supreme kings of Loch
The hospitality of Larthmor gained him l
gal's friendship, which that hero m
fested, after the imprisonment of Larthmo
his own son, by sending Ossian and Tos
the father of Malvina, so often mentioned
rescue Larthmor, and to punish the unnat
behaviour of Uthal. Uthal was handsc
and much admired by the ladies. Nina-tho
the beautiful daughter of Torthoma, a ne
bouring prince, fell in love and fled with l
He proved inconstant; for another l
whose name is not mentioned, gaining
affections, he confined Nina-thoma to a de
island near the coast of Berrathon. She
relieved by Ossian, who, in company v
Toscar, landing on Berrathon, defeated

forces of Uthal, and killed him in a single combat. Nina-thoma, whose love not all the bad behaviour of Uthal could erase, hearing of his death, died of grief. In the mean time, Larthmor is restored, and Ossian and Toscar returned in triumph to Fingal. The present poem opens with an elegy on the death of Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, and closes with the presages of the poet's death.

BEND thy blue course, O stream, round the narrow plain of Lutha. Let the green woods hang over it from their mountains: and the sun look on it at noon. The thistle is there on its rock; and shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head, waving at times, to the gale. "Why dost thou awake me, O gale?" it seems to say; "I am covered with the drops of heaven. The time of my fading is near, and the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come, he that saw me in my beauty shall come: his eyes will search the field, but they will not find me! so shall they search in vain for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field. The hunter shall come forth in the morning, and the voice of my harp shall not be heard. "Where is the son of car-borne Fingal?" The tear will be on his cheek. Then come thou, O Malvina, with all thy music, come; lay Ossian in the plain of Lutha: let his tomb rise in the lovely field.

Malvina! where art thou with thy songs: with the soft sound of thy steps! Son of Alpin art thou near? where is the daughter of Toscar? "I passed, O son of Fingal, by Tarlutha's mossy walls. The smoke of the hall was ceased: silence was among the trees of the hill. The voice of the chase was over. I saw the daughters of the

how. I asked about Malvina, but they answered not. They turned their faces away: thin darkness covered their beauty. They were like stars on a rainy hill, by night, each looking faintly through her mist."

Pleasant‖ be thy rest, O lovely beam! soon hast thou set on our hills! The steps of thy departure were stately, like the moon on the blue trembling wave. But thou hast left us in darkness, first of the maids of Lutha! We sit, at the rock, and there is no voice; no light but the meteor of fire! Soon hast thou set, Malvina daughter of generous Toscar! But thou rises like the beam of the east, among the spirits of thy friends, where they sit in their stormy halls the chambers of the thunder. A cloud hover over Cona: its blue curling sides are high. The winds are beneath it with their wings; within it is the dwelling of ¶ Fingal. There the hero sits in darkness; his airy spear is in his hand. His shield, half-covered with clouds, is like the darkened moon; when one half still remains in the wave, and the other looks sickly on the field.

‖ Ossian speaks. He calls Malvina a beam of light, and continues the metaphor throughout the paragraph.

¶ The description of this ideal palace of Fingal is very poetical, and agreeable to the notions of those times, concerning the state of the deceased who were supposed to pursue, after death, the pleasures and employments of their former life. The situation of Ossian's heroes, in their separate state, if not entirely happy, is more agreeable than the notions of the ancient Greeks concerning their departed heroes. See Hom. Odyss. l. 11.

His friends sit around the king, on mist; and hear the songs of Ullin: he strikes the half-trembling harp; and raises the feeble voice. The lesser heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall. Malvina rises, in the midst; a blush is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers, and turns aside her humid eyes. "Art thou come so soon," said Fingal, "daughter of generous Toscar? Sadness dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged son† is sad. I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there; its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers. Go with thy rustling wing, O breeze, and sigh on Malvina's tomb. It rises yonder beneath the rock, at the blue stream of Lutha. The maids‖ are departed to their place; and thou alone, O breeze! mournest there."

But who comes from the dusky west, supported on a cloud? A smile is on his grey watery face; his locks of mist fly on the wind: he bends forward on his airy spear: it is thy father, Malvina! "Why shinest thou so soon on our clouds," he says, "O lovely light of Lutha? But thou wert sad, my daughter, for thy friends were passed away. The sons of little men¶ were in the

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† Ossian; who had a great friendship for Malvina, both on account of her love for his son Oscar, and her attention to his own poems.

‖ That is, the young virgins who sung the funeral elegy over her tomb.

¶ Ossian, by way of disrespect, calls those who succeeded the heroes whose actions he celebrates, "the sons of little men." Tradition is entirely silent concerning what passed in the north, immediately after the death of Fingal and all his

hall; and none remained of the heroes, bu
Ossian, kings of spears."

And dost thou remember, Ossian, car-born
Toscar son of Conloch? The battles of ou
youth were many; our swords went toge.he
to the field. They saw us coming like two fal
ing rocks; and the sons of the stranger fle
"There come the warriors of Cona," they said
"their steps are in the paths of the vanquished.
Draw near, son of Alpin, to the song of the age
The actions of other times are in my soul: m
memory beams on the days that are past. O
the days of the mighty Toscar, when our pat
was in the deep Draw near, son of Alpin, t
the last sound of the voice of Cona.

The king of Morven commanded, and I rais
ed my sails to the wind. Toscar chief of Luth
stood at my side, as I rose on the dark blue wav
Our course was to sea-surrounded Berrathor
the isle of many storms. There dwelt, with h
locks of age, the stately strength of Larthmo
Larthmor who spread the feast of shells t
Comha's mighty son, when he went to Starno
halls, in the days of Agandecca. But when th
chief was old, the pride of his son arose, th
pride of fair-haired Uthal, the love of a thousan
maids. He bound the aged Larthmor, and dwe
in his sounding halls.

Long pined the king in his cave, beside hi
rolling sea. Morning did not come to his dwell
ing; nor the burning oak by night. But th
wind of ocean was there, and the parting bear

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heroes; but it appears from that term of igno
miny just mentioned, that the actions of the
successors were not to be compared to those o
the renowned Fingalians.

of the moon. The red star looked on the king when it trembled on the western wave. Snitho came to Selma's hall: Snitho, companion of Larthmor's youth. He told of the king of Berrathon: the wrath of Fingal rose. Thrice he assumed the spear, resolved to stretch his hand to Uthal. But the memory of his actions rose before the king, and he sent his son and Toscar. Our joy was great on the rolling sea; and we often half-unsheathed our swords. For never before had we fought alone in the battles of the spear.

Night came down on the ocean; the winds departed on their wings. Cold and pale is the moon.. The red stars lift their heads. Our course is slow along the coast of Berrathon; the white waves tumble on the rocks. "What voice is that," said Toscar, "which comes between the sounds of the waves? It is soft but mournful, like the voice of departed bards. But I behold the maid, she sits on the rock alone. Her head bends on her arm of snow: her dark hair is in the wind. Hear, son of Fingal, her song, it is smooth as the gliding waters of Lavath." We came to the silent bay, and heard the maid of night.

"How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean? My dwelling was not always in the caves, nor beneath the whistling tree. The feast was spread in Torthoma's hall; my father delighted in my voice. The youths beheld me in the steps of my loveliness, and they blessed the dark-haired Nina-thoma. It was then thou didst come, O Uthal! like the sun of heaven. The souls of the virgins are thine, son of generous Larthmor? But why dost thou leave me alone in the midst of roaring waters? Was my soul dark with thy death? Did my white

lan lift the sword? Why then hast thou left me alone, king of high Finthormo?"

The tear started from my eye when I heard the voice of the maid. I stood before her in my arms, and spoke the words of peace. "Lovely dweller of the cave, what sigh is in that breast? Shall Ossian lift his sword in thy presence, the destruction of thy foes? Daughter of Torthoma, rise, I have heard the words of thy grief. The race of Morven are around thee, who never injured the weak. Come to our dark-bosomed ship, thou brighter than that setting moon. Our course is to the rocky Berrathon, to the echoing walls of Finthormo." She came in her beauty, she came with all her lovely steps. Silent joy brightened in her face, as when the shadows fly from the field of spring; the blue stream is rolling in brightness, and the green bush bends over its course.

The morning rose with its beams. We came to Rothma's bay. A boar rushed from the wood; my spear pierced his side. I rejoiced over the blood†, and foresaw my growing fame. But now the sound of Utha's train came from the high Finthormo; they spread over the heath to the chase of the boar. Himself comes slowly on, in the pride of his strength. He lifts two pointed spears. On his side is the hero's sword. Three youths carry his polished bows: the bounding of five dogs is before him. His warri-

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† Ossian thought that his killing the boar, on the first landing in Berrathon, was a good omen of his future success in that island. The present Highlanders look, with a degree of superstition, upon the success of their first action, after they have engaged in any desperate undertaking.

ers move on at a distance, admiring the steps of the king. Stately was the son of Larthmor! but his soul was dark. Dark as the troubled face of the moon, when it forteils the storms.

We rose on the heath before the king; he stopt in the midst of his course. His warriors gathered around, and a grey-haired bard advanced. "Whence are the sons of the strangers?" begun the bard. "The children of the unhappy come to Berrathon; to the sword of car-borne Uthal. He spreads no feast in his hall: the blood of strangers is on his streams. If from Selma's walls ye come, from he mossy walls of Fingal, chuse three youths to go to your king to tell of the fall of his people. Perhaps the hero may come and pour his blood on Uthal's sword; so shall the fame of Finthormo arise, like the growing tree of the vale."

"Never will it rise, O bard," I said in the pride of my wrath. "He would shrink in the presence of Fingal; whose eyes are the flames of death! The son of Combal comes, and the kings vanish in his presence; they are rolled together, like mist, by the breath of his rage. Shall three tell to Fingal, that his people fell? Yes! they may tell it, bard! but his people shall fall with fame!"

I stood in the darkness of my strength: Toscar drew his sword at my side. The foe came on like a stream: the mingled sound of death arose. Man took man, shield met shield; steel mixed its beams with steel. Darts hiss through air; spears ring on mails; and swords on broken bucklers sound. As the noise of an aged grove beneath the roaring wind, when a thousand ghosts break the trees by night, such was the din of arms! But Uthal fell beneath my sword; and the sons of Berrathon fled. It was then I saw him in his beauty, and the tear hung in my

eye. " Thou art fallen, young tree," I said, " with all thy beauty round thee. Thou art fallen on thy plains, and the field is bare. The winds come from the desert, and there is no sound in thy leaves! Lovely art thou in death, son of car-borne Larthmor."

Nina-thoma sat on the shore, and heard the sound of battle. She turned her red eyes on Lethmal, the grey-haired bard of Selma. He alone had remained on the coast with the daughter of Torthoma. " Son of the times of old!" she said, " I hear the noise of death. Thy friends have met with Uthal, and the chief is low! O that I had remained on the rock, inclosed with the tumbling waves! Then would my soul be sad, but his death would not reach my ear. Art thou fallen on thy heath, O son of high Finthormo! thou didst leave me on a rock, but my soul was full of thee. Son of high Finthormo! art thou fallen on thy heath?"

She rose pale in her tears, and saw the bloody shield of Uthal; she saw it in Ossian's hand; her steps were distracted on the heath. She flew; she found him; she fell. Her soul came forth in a sigh. Her hair is spread on his face. My bursting tears descend. A tomb arose on the unhappy, and my song was heard. " Rest, hapless children of youth! at the noise of that mossy stream. The virgins will see your tomb, at the chase, and turn away their weeping eyes. Your fame will be in the song; the voice of the harp will be heard in your praise. The daughters of Selma shall hear it; and your renown shall be in other lands. Rest, children of youth, at the noise of the mossy stream!"

Two days we remained on the coast. The heroes of Berathon convened. We brought Larthmor to his halls. the feast of shells was spread. The joy of the aged was great; he look-

ed to the arms of his fathers: the arms which he left in his hall, when the pride of Uthal arose. We were renowned before Larthmor, and he blessed the chiefs of Morven; but he knew not that his son was low, the stately strength of Uthal. They had told that he had retired to the woods, with the tears of grief; they had told it, but he was silent in the tomb of Rothma's heath.

On the fourth day we raised our sails to the roar of the northern wind. Larthmor came to the coast, and his bards raised the song. The joy of the king was great. He looked to Rothma's gloomy heath; he saw the tomb of his son; and the memory of Uthal rose. "Who of my heroes," he said, "lies there? He seems to have been of the king of spears. Was he renowned in my halls, before the pride of Uthal rose? Ye are silent, sons of Berrathon, is the king of heroes low? My heart melts for thee, O Uthal! though thy hand was against thy father! O that I had remained in the cave! that my son had dwelt in Finthormo! I might have heard the tread of his feet, when he went to the chase of the boar. I might have heard his voice in the blast of my cave. Then would my soul be glad: but now darkness dwells in my halls."

Such were my deeds, son of Alpin, when the arm of my youth was strong; such were the actions of Toscar, the car-borne son of Conloch. But Toscar is on his flying cloud; and I am alone at Lutha: my voice is like the last sound of the wind, when it forsakes the woods. But Ossian shall not be long alone. He sees the mist that shall receive his ghost. He beholds the mist that shall form his robe, when he appears on his hills. The sons of little men shall behold me, and admire the stature of the chiefs of old. They shall creep to their caves, and look to the sky

with fear; for my steps shall be in the clouds, and darkness shall roll on my side.

Lead, son of Alpin, lead the aged to his woods. The winds begin to rise. The dark wave of the lake resounds. Bends there not a tree from Mora with its branches bare? It bends, son of Alpin, in the rustling blast. My harp hangs on a blasted branch. The sound of its strings is mournful. Does the wind touch thee, O harp, or is it some passing ghost! It is the hand of Malvina! But bring me the harp, son of Alpin: another song shall arise. My soul shall depart in the sound; my fathers shall hear it in their airy hall. Their dim faces shall hang, with joy, from their clouds; and their hands receive their son. The aged oak bends over the stream. It sighs with all its moss. The withered fern whistles near, and mixes, as it waves, with Ossian's hair.

Strike the harp and raise the song: be near with all your wings, ye winds. Bear the mournful sound away to Fingal's airy hall. Bear it to Fingal's hall, that he may hear the voice of his son; the voice of him that praised the mighty.

The blast of the north opens thy gates, O king, and I behold thee sitting on mist, dimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form now is not the terror of the valiant: but like a watery cloud; when we see the stars behind it with their weeping eyes. Thy shield is like the aged moon: thy sword a vapour half kindled with fire: Dim and feeble is the chief, who travelled in brightness before. But thy eyes are on the winds of the desert, and the storms darken in thy hand. Thou takest the sun in thy wrath, and hidest him in thy clouds. The sons of little men are afraid; and a thousand showers descend. But when thou comest forth in thy mildness; the gate of the morning is near thy course. The sun

ughs in his blue fields; and the grey stream inds in its valley. The bushes shake their reen heads in the wind. The roes bound towards the desert.

But there is a murmur in the heath! the stormy winds abate! I hear the voice of Fingal. ong has it been absent from mine ear! "Come, Ossian, come away," he says: "Fingal has eceived his fame. We passed away, like flames hat had shone for a season, our departure was n renown. Though the plains of our battles are dark and silent: our fame is in the four grey stones. The voice of Ossian has been heard; and the harp was strung in Selma. Come, Ossian, come away," he says, "and fly with thy fathers on clouds."

And come I will, thou king of men! the life of Ossian fails. I begin to vanish on Cona; and my steps are not seen in Selma. Beside the stone of Mora I shall fall asleep. The winds whistling in my grey hair shall not waken me. Depart on thy wings, O wind: thou canst not disturb the rest of the bard. The night is long, but his eyes are heavy. Depart thou rustling blast.

But why art thou sad, son of Fingal? Why grows the cloud of thy soul? The chiefs of other times are departed; they have gone without their fame. The sons of future years shall pass away; and another race arise. The people are like the waves of ocean; like the leaves of woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads. Did thy beauty last, O Ryno†? Stood the strength of car-

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† Ryno the son of Fingal, who was killed in Ireland, in the war against Swaran (Fingal, B. V.) was remarkable for the beauty of his person, his

borne Oscar? Fingal himself passed away; and the halls of his fathers forgot his steps. And

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swiftness and great exploits. Minvane, the daughter of Morni, and sister to Gaul, was in love with Ryno. The following is her lamentation over her lover.

SHE, blushing, sad, from Morven's rocks, bends over the darkly-rolling sea. She sees the youth in all their arms? Where, Ryno, where art thou?

Our dark looks told that he was low! That pale the hero flew on clouds! That in the grass of Morven's hills, his feeble voice was heard in wind!

And is the son of Fingal fallen, on Ullin's mossy plains? Strong was the arm that vanquished him! Ah me! I am alone!

Alone I will not be, ye winds! that lift my dark-brown hair. My sighs shall not long mix with your stream; for I must sleep with Ryno.

I see thee not with beauty's steps returning from the chase. The night is round Minvane's love. Dark silence dwells with Ryno.

Where are thy dogs, and where thy bow? Thy shield that was so strong? Thy sword like heaven's descending fire? The bloody spear of Ryno?

I see them mixed in thy ship; I see them stained with blood. No arms are in thy narrow hall, O darkly-dwelling Ryno!

When will the morning come, and say, Arise, thou kingof spears! arise, the hunters are abroad. The hinds are near thee, Ryno!

Away, thou fair-haired morning, away! the slumbering king hears thee not! The hinds

shalt thou remain, aged bard! when the mighty have failed? But my fame shall remain, and grow like the oak of Morven; which lifts its broad head to the storm, and rejoices in the course of the wind!

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bound over his narrow tomb; for death dwells round young Ryno.

But I will tread softly, my king! and steal to the bed of thy repose. Minvane will lie in silence, nor disturb the slumbering Ryno.

The maids shall seek me: but they shall not find me; they shall follow my departure with songs. But I will not here you, O maids: I sleep with fair-haired Ryno.

Temora:

AN EPIC POEM. IN EIGHT BOOKS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cairbar, the son of Borbar-duthul, lord of Atha, in Connaught, the most potent chief of the race of the Firbolg, having murdered, at Temora, the royal palace, Cormac the son of Artho, the young king of Ireland, usurped the throne. Cormac was lineally descended from Conar the son of Trenmor, the great-grandfather of Fingal, king of those Caledonians who inhabited the western coast of Scotland. Fingal resented the behaviour of Cairbar, and resolved to pass over into Ireland, with an army, to re-establish the royal family on the Irish throne. Early intelligence of his designs coming to Cairbar, he assembled some of his tribes in Ulster, and at the same time ordered his brother Cathmor to follow him speedily with an army, from Temora. Such was the situation of affairs when the Caledonian fleet appeared on the coast of Ulster.

The poem opens in the morning. Cairbar is represented as retired from the rest of the army,

when one of his scouts brought him news of the landing of Fingal. He assembles a council of his chiefs. Foldath the chief of Moma haughtily despises the enemy; and is reprimanded warmly by Malthos. Cairbar, after hearing their debate, orders a feast to be prepared, to which, by his bard Olla, he invites Oscar the son of Ossian; resolving to pick a quarrel with that hero, and so have some pretext for killing him. Oscar came to the feast; the quarrel happened: the followers of both fought, and Cairbar and Oscar fell by mutual wounds. The noise of the battle reached Fingal's army. The king came on, to the relief of Oscar, and the Irish fell back to the army of Cathmor, who was advanced to the banks of the river Lubar, on the heath of Moi-lena. Fingal, after mourning over his grandson, ordered Ullin the chief of his bards to carry his body to Morven, to be there interred. Night coming on, Althan, the son of Conachar, relates to the king the particulars of the murder of Cormac. Fillan, the son of Fingal, is sent to observe the motions of Cathmor by night, which concludes the action of the first day. The scene of this book is a plain, near the hill of Mora, which rose on the borders of the heath of Moi-lena, in Ulster.

BOOK I.

THE blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills, with aged oaks, surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there: on its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king: the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises in his soul, with all his ghastly wounds,

The grey form of the youth appears in darkness blood pours from his airy sides. Cairbar thrice threw his spear on earth; and thrice he stroke his beard. His steps are short; he often stops and tosses his sinewy arms. He is like a cloud in the desert, that varies its form to every blast the valleys are sad around, and fear, by turns the shower.

The king, at length, resumed his soul, and took his pointed spear. He turned his eyes to Moi-lena. The scouts of blue ocean came. They came with steps of fear, and often looked behind Cairbar knew that the mighty were near, and called his gloomy chiefs.

The sounding steps of his warriors came They drew at once, their swords. There Morlath stood with darkened face. Hiddala's long hair sighs in wind. Red-haired Cormar bend on his spear, and rolls his side-long-looking eyes Wild is the look of Malthos from beneath two shaggy brows. Foldath stands, like an ooz rock, that covers its dark sides with foam. His spear is like Slimora's fir, that meets the win of heaven. His shield is marked with th strokes of battle; and his red eye despises dan ger. These and a thousand other chiefs sur rounded car-borne Cairbar, when the scout o ocean came. Mor-annal from streamy Moi-le na. His eyes hang forward from his face, h lips are trembling pale.

"Do the chiefs of Erin stand," he said "silent as the grove of evening? Stand they like a silent wood, and Fingal on the coast! Fin gal, the terrible in battle, the king of stream Morven?" "Hast thou seen the warrior! said Cairbar with a sigh. "Are his hero many on the coast? Lifts he the spear of battle Or comes the king in peace?" In peace he come

ot, Cairbar. I have seen his forward spear‡, is a meteor of death; the blood of thousands on its steel. He came first to the shore, strong the grey hair of age. Full rose his sinewy mbs, as he strode in his might. That sword is y his side which gives no second wound. His ield is terrible, like the bloody moon ascending rough a storm. Then came Ossian, king of ngs; and Morni's son, the first of men. Conal leaps forward on his spear. Dermit spreads is dark brown locks. Fillan bends his bow, the oung hunter of streamy Moruth. But who is hat before them, like the dreadful course of a tream? It is the son of Ossian, bright between is locks. His long hair falls on his back. His ark brows are half-inclosed in steel. His sword angs loose on his side. His spear glitters as he noves. I fled from his terrible eyes, king of igh Temora."

"Then fly, thou feeble man," said Foldath n gloomy wrath. "Fly to the grey streams of hy land, son of the little soul! Have not I seen hat Oscar? I beheld the chief in war. He is of he mighty in danger; but there are others who ift the spear. Erin has many sons as brave, ing of Temora of groves! Let Foldath meet im in the strength of his course, and stop this

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‡ Mor-annal here alludes to the particular appearance of Fingal's spear. If a man, upon his first landing in a strange country, kept the point of his spear forward, it denoted, in those days, that he came in a hostile manner, and accordingly he was treated as an enemy; if he kept the point behind him, it was a token of friendship, and he was immediately invited to the feast, according to the hospitality of the times.

mighty stream. My spear is covered with
blood of the valiant; my shield is like the v
of Tura.

"Shall Foldath alone meet the foe?" repl
the dark-browed Malthos. "Are they
numerous on our coast. like the waters of m
streams? Are not these the chiefs who v
quished Swaran, when the sons of Erin fl
And shall Foldath meet their bravest hero
Foldath of the heart of pride! Take the stren
of the people; and let Malthos come.
sword is red with slaughter; but who has he
my words?"

"Sons of green Erin," said Hidal'a, "
not Fingal hear your words. The foe mi
rejoice, and his arm be strong in the land.
are brave, O warriors! and like the storms of
desert; they meet the rocks without fear,
overturn the woods. But let us move in
strength, slow as a gathered cloud. Then s
the mighty tremble; the spear shall fall fi
the hand of the valiant. We see the cloud
death, they will say, while shadows fly c
their face. Fingal will mourn in his age,
see his flying fame. The steps of his chiefs
cease in Morven: the moss of years shall g
in Selma."

Cairbar heard their words, in silence, like
cloud of a shower: it stands dark on Cror
till the lightning bursts its sides: the va
gleams with red light; the spirits of the st
rejoice. So stood the silent king of Temo
at length his words are heard.

"Spread the feast on Moi-lena: let my h
dred bards attend. Thou red-haired Olla t
the harp of the king. Go to Oscar, chief
swords, and bid him to our feast. To-day
feast and hear the song; to-morrow break
spears. Tell him that I have raised the tom

Cathol¶; that bards have sung to his ghost, Tell him that Cairbar has heard his fame at the stream of resounding Carun. Cathmor‡ is not here, Borbar-duthul's generous race. He is not

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¶ Cathol the son of Maronnan, or Moran, was murdered by Cairbar for his attachment to the family of Cormac. He had attended Oscar to the war of Inis-thona, where they contracted a great friendship for one another. Oscar, immediately after the death of Cathol, had sent a formal challenge to Cairbar, which he prudently declined, but conceived a secret hatred against Oscar and had before-hand contrived to kill him at the feast, to which he here invites him.

‡ Cathmor, 'great in battle,' the son of Borbar-duthul, and brother of Cairbar king of Ireland, had, before the insurrection of the Firbolg, passed over into Inis-huna, supposed to be a part of South Britain, to assist Conmor king of that place against his enemies. Cathmor was successful in the war, but, in the course of it, Conmor was either killed, or died a natural death. Cairbar, upon intelligence of the designs of Fingal to dethrone him, had dispatched a messenger for Cathmor, who returned into Ireland a few days before the opening of the poem.

Cairbar here takes advantage of his brother's absence, to perpetrate his ungenerous designs against Oscar; for the noble spirit of Cathmor, had he been present, would not have premitted the laws of that hospitality, for which he was so renowned himself, to be violated. The brothers form a contrast; we do not detest the mean soul of Cairbar more, than we admire the disinterested and generous mind of Cathmor.

here with his thousands, and our arms are weak
Cathmor is a foe to strife at the feast: his sou
is bright as that sun. But Cairbar shall figh
with Oscar, chiefs of the woody Temora! Hi
words for Cathol were many; the wrath of Cair-
bar burns. He shall fall on Moi-lena: my fam
shall rise in blood."

Their faces brightened round with joy. The
spread over Moi-lena. The feast of shells i
prepared. The songs of bards arise. We hear
the voice of joy on the coast: we thought tha
mighty Cathmor came. Cathmor the friend o
strangers! the brother of red-haired Cairba
Their souls were not the same. The light o
heaven was in the bosom of Cathmor. His tower
rose on the banks of Atha: seven paths led t
his hal's. Seven chiefs stood on the paths, an
called the stranger to the feast! But Cathmo
dwelt in the wood to avoid the voice of praise.

Olla came with his songs. Oscar went t
Cairbar's feast. Three hundred warriors strod
along Moi-lena of the streams. The grey dog
bounded on the heath, their howling reache
afar. Fingal saw the departing hero; the so
of the king was sad. He dreaded Cairbar
gloomy thoughts, amidst the feast of shell
My son raised high the spear of Cormac: a
hundred bards met him with songs. Cairb
concealed with smiles the death that was dar
in his soul. The feast is spread; the shells r
sound: joy brightens the face of the host. B
it was like the parting beam of the sun, whe
he is to hide his red head in a storm.

Cairbar rose in his arms; darkness gather
on his brow. The hundred harps ceased
once. The clang† of shields was heard. F

† When a chief was determined to kill a pe
son already in his power, it was usual to sign

distant on the heath, Olla raised his song of wo. My son knew the sign of death, and, rising, seized his spear. "Oscar!" said the dark-red Cairbar, "I behold the spear of Inis-fail. The spear of Temora glitters in thy hand, son of woody Morven! It was the pride of an hundred‡ kings, the death of heroes of old. Yield it, son of Ossian, yield it to car-borne Cairbar."

"Shall I yield," Oscar replied, "the gift of Erin's injured king: the gift of fair-haired Cormac, when Oscar scattered his foes? I came to Cormac's halls of joy, when Swaran fled from Fingal. Gladness rose in the face of youth: he gave the spear of Temora. Nor did he give it to the feeble, O Cairbar, neither to the weak in soul. The darkness of thy face is no storm to me; nor are thine eyes the flames of death. Do I fear thy clanging shield? Tremble I at Olla's song? No: Cairbar, frighten the feeble; Oscar is a rock."

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that his death was intended, by the sound of a shield struck with the blunt end of a spear; at the same time that a bard at a distance raised the death-song. A ceremony of another kind was long used in Scotland upon such occasions. Every body has heard that a bull's head was served up to Lord Douglas in the castle of Edinburgh, as a certain signal of his approaching death.

‡ Hundred. Here is an indefinite number, and is only intended to express a great many. It was probably the hyperbolical phrases of bards, that gave the first hint to the Irish senachies to place the origin of their monarchy in so remote a period as they have done.

"And wilt thou not yield the spear!" replied the rising pride of Cairbar. "Are thy words so mighty because Fingal is near? Fingal with aged locks from Morven's hundred groves! He has fought with little men. But he must vanish before Cairbar, like a thin pillar of mist before the winds of Atha!" "Were he who fought with little men near Atha's darkening chief: Atha's darkening chief would yield green Erin to avoid his rage. Speak not of the mighty, O Cairbar! but turn thy sword on me. Our strength is equal; but Fingal is renowned! the first of mortal men!"

Their people saw the darkening chiefs. Their crowding steps are heard around. Their eyes roll in fire. A thousand swords are half unsheathed. Red haired Olla raised the song of battle: the trembling joy of Oscar's soul arose: the wonted joy of his soul when Fingal's horn was heard. Dark as the swelling wave of ocean before the rising winds, when it bends its head near a coast, came on the host of Cairbar.

Daughter of Toscar‖! why that tear? He is not fallen yet. Many were the deaths of his arm before my hero fell!

Behold they fall before my son like the grove in the desert, when an angry ghost, rushes through night, and takes their green heads in his hand! Morlath falls: Maronnan dies: Conacha trembles in his blood. Cairbar shrinks before Oscar's sword, and creeps in darkness behind his stone. He lifted the spear in secret, and pierced my Oscar's side. He falls forward on his shield

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‖ Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, to whom he addresses the part of the poem which relates to the death of Oscar her lover.

his knee sus'ains the chief. But still his spear is in his hand. See gloomy Cairbar¶ falls! The steel pierced his forehead, and divided his red hair behind. He lay, like a shattered rock, which Cromla shakes from its shaggy side. But never more shall Oscar rise! he leans on his bossy shield. His spear is in his terrible hand: Erin's sons stood distant and dark. Their shouts arose, like crowded streams; Moi-lena echoed wide.

Fingal heard the sound; and took his father's spear. His steps are before us on the heath. He spoke the words of wo "I hear the noise of war. Young Oscar is alone. Rise, sons of Morven! join the hero's sword."

Ossian rushed along the heath. Fillan bounded over Moi-lena. Fingal strode in his strength, and the light of his shield is terrible. The sons of Erin saw it far distant; they trembled in their souls. They knew that the wrath of the king arose: and they foresaw their death. We first arrived; we fought, and Erin's chiefs withstood our rage. But when the king came, in the sound of his course, what heart of steel could stand! Erin fled over Moi-lena. Death pursued their flight. We saw Oscar on his shield. We saw his blood around. Silence darkened every face. Each turned his back and wept. The king strove to hide his tears. His grey beard whistled in the wind. He bent his head above his son. His words were mixed with sighs.

¶ The Irish historians place the death of Cairbar in the latter end of the third century: they say, he was killed in battle against Oscar the son of Ossian, but deny that he fell by his hand.

"And art thou fallen, Oscar, in the midst of thy course? The heart of the aged beats over thee! He sees thy coming wars. The wars which ought to come he sees! But they are cut off from thy fame. When shall joy dwell at Selma! When shall grief depart from Morven! My sons fall by degrees: Fingal shall be the last of his race. The fame which I have received shall pass away: my age will be without friends. I shall sit a grey cloud in my hall: nor shall I hear the return of a son, in the midst of his sounding arms. Weep, ye heroes of Morven! never more shall Oscar rise!"

And they did weep, O Fingal! dear was the hero to their souls. He went out to battle, and the foes vanished: He returned, in peace, amidst their joy. No father mourned his son slain in youth: no brother his brother of love. They fell, without tears, for the chief of the people was low! Bran is howling at his feet: gloomy Luath is sad, for he had often led them to the chase; to the bounding roe of the desert.

When Oscar saw his friends around, his breast arose with sighs. "The groans," he said, "of aged chiefs; the howling of my dogs: the sudden bursts of songs of grief, have melted Oscar's soul. My soul, that never melted before; it was like the steel of my sword. Ossian, carry me to my hills! Raise the stones of my renown. Place the horn of the deer, and my sword, within my narrow dwelling. The torrent hereafter may raise the earth: the hunter may find the steel and say, "This has been Oscar's sword."

"And fallest thou, son of my fame! And shall I never see thee, Oscar! When others hear of their sons, I shall not hear of thee. The moss is on thy four grey stones; the mournful wind is there. The battle shall be fought without him: he shall not pursue the dark-brown hinds. When

the warrior returns from battles, and tells of other lands; I have seen a tomb, he will say, by the roaring stream, the dark dwelling of a chief. He fell by car-borne Oscar, the first of mortal men. I, perhaps, shall hear his voice: and a beam of joy will rise in my soul."

The night would have descended in sorrow, and morning returned in the shadow of grief: our chiefs would have stood like cold dropping rocks on Mol-lena, and have forgot the war, did not the king disperse his grief, and raise his mighty voice. The chiefs, as new-wakened from dreams, lift up their heads around.

"How long on Mol-lena shall we weep; or pour our tears in Ullin? The mighty will not return. Oscar shall not rise in his strength. The valiant must fall one day, and be no more known on his hills. Where are our fathers, O warriors! the chiefs of the times of old? They have set like stars that have shone, we only hear the sound of their praise. But they were renowned in their day, the terror of other times. Thus shall we pass, O warriors, in the day of our fall. Then let us be renowned when we may; and leave our fame behind us, like the last beams of the sun, when he hides his red head in the west. Ullin, my aged bard! take the ship of the king. Carry Oscar to Selma of harps. Let the daughters of Morven weep. We shall fight in Erin for the race of fallen Cormac. The days of my years begin to fail: I feel the weakness of my arm. My fathers bend from their clouds, to receive their grey-haired son. But before I go hence, one beam of fame shall rise: so shall my days end, as my years begun, in fame: my life shall be one stream of light to bards of other times.

Ullin raised his white sails; the wind of the south came forth: He bounded on the waves towards Selma. I remained in my grief, but my

words were not heard. The feast is spread on Moi-lena; an hundred heroes reared the tomb of Cairbar: but no song is raised over the chief: for his soul had been dark and bloody The bards remembered the fall of Cormac! what could they say in Cairbar's praise?

The night came rolling down. The light of an hundred oaks arose. Fingal sat beneath a tree. Old Althan stood in the midst. He told the tale of fallen Cormac. Althan the son of Conachar, the friend of car-borne Cuchullin: he dwelt with Cormac in windy Temora, when Semo's son fought with generous Torlath. The tale of Althan was mournful, and the tear was in his eye.

The setting sun was yellow on Dora. Grey evening began to descend. Temora's woods shook with the blast of the inconstant wind. A cloud, at length, gathered in the west, and a red star looked from behind its edge. I stood in the wood alone, and saw a ghost on the darkening air. His stride extended from hill to hill: his shield was dim on his side. It was the son of Semo: I knew the warrior's face But he passed away in his blast; and all was dark around. My soul was sad. I went to the hall of shells. A thousand lights arose: the hundred bards had strung the harp. Cormac stood in the midst, like the morning star, when it rejoices on the eastern hill, and its young beams are bathed in showers. The sword of Artho was in the hand of the king; and he looked with joy on its polished studs: thrice he strove to draw it, and thrice he failed; his yellow locks are spread on his shoulders: his cheeks of youth are red. I mourned over the beam of youth, for he was soon to set.

"Althan!" he said, with a smile, "hast thou beheld my father? Heavy is the sword of

the king, surely his arm was strong. O that I were like him in battle, when the rage of his wrath arose! then would I have met, like Cuchullin, the car-borne son of Cantela! But years may come on, O Althan! and my arm be strong. Hast thou heard of Semo's son, the chief of high Temora? He might have returned with his fame; for he promised to return to-night. My bards wait him with songs; my feast is spread in in Temora."

I heard the king in silence. My tears began to flow. I hid them with my aged locks; but he perceived my grief. "Son of Conachar!" he said, "is the king of Tura low? Why bursts thy sigh in secret? And why descends the tear? Comes the car-borne Torlath? Or the sound of the red-haired Cairbar? They come! for I behold thy grief. Mossy Tura's king is low! Shall I not rush to battle? But I cannot lift the spear! O had mine arm the strength of Cuchullin, soon would Cairbar fly; the fame of my fathers would be renewed; and the deeds of other times!"

He took his bow. The tears flow down from both his sparkling eyes. Grief saddens round: the bards bend forward, from their hundred harps. The lone blast touched their trembling strings. The sound is sad and low. A voice is heard at a distance, as of one in grief; it was Carril of other times, who came from dark Slimora. He told of the death of Cuchullin, and of his mighty deeds. The people were scattered round his tomb: their arms lay on the ground. They had forgot the war, for he, their fire, was seen no more.

"But who," said the soft-voiced Carril, "come like the bounding roes? Their stature is like the young trees of the plain, growing in a shower: Soft and ruddy are their cheeks; but fearless souls look forth from their eyes! Who

but the sons of Usnoth†, the car-borne chiefs of Etha. The people rise on every side, like the strength of an half-extinguished fire, when the winds come sudden, from the desert, on their rustling wings. The sound of Caithbat's‖ shield was heard. The heroes saw Cuchullin¶ in Nathos. So rolled his sparkling eyes; his steps were such on the heath. Battles are fought on Lego: the sword of Nathos prevails. Soon shalt thou behold him in thy halls, king of Temora of groves."

"And soon may I behold the chief!" replied the blue-eyed king. "But my soul is sad for Cuchullin; his voice was pleasant in mine ear. Often have we moved, on Dora, to the chase of the dark-brown hinds; his bow was unerring on the mountains. He spoke of mighty men. He told of the deeds of my fathers; and I felt my joy. But sit thou at the feast, O bard, I have often heard thy voice. Sing in the praise of Cuchullin; and of that mighty stranger*."

Day rose on woody Temora, with all the beams of the east. Trathin came to the hall, the son of old Gellama. "I behold," he said, "a dark cloud in the desert, king of Inis-fail! a cloud it seemed at first, but now a crowd of men. One strides before them in his strength; his red hair flies in the wind. His shield glitters to the beam of the east. His spear is in his hand."

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† The sequel of their mournful story is related, at large, in the poem of Dar-thula.

‖ Caithbait was grandfather to Cuchullin; and his shield was made use of to alarm his posterity to the battles of the family.

¶ That is, they saw a manifest likeness between the person of Nathos and Cuchullin.

* Nathos the son of Usnoth.

"Call him to the feast of Temora," replied the king of Erin. "My hall is the house of strangers, son of the generous Gellama! Perhaps it is the chief of Etha, coming in the sound of his renown. Hail, mighty† stranger! Art thou of the friends of Cormac? But, Carril, he is dark, and unlovely; and he draws his sword. Is that the son of Usnoth, bard of the times of old?"

"It is not the son of Usnoth," said Carril, "but the chief of Atha. Why comest thou in thy arms to Temora, Cairbar of the gloomy brow! Let not thy sword rise against Cormac! Whither dost thou turn thy speed!" He passed on in his darkness, and seized the hand of the king. Cormac foresaw his death, and the rage of his eyes arose. Retire, thou gloomy chief of Atha: Nathos comes with battle. Thou art bold in Cormac's hall, for his arm is weak. The sword entered the side of the king: he fell in the halls of his fathers. His fair hair is in the dust. His blood is smoking round.

"And art thou fallen in thy halls‖, O son of noble Artho? The shield of Cuchullin was not near. Nor the spear of thy father. Mournful are the mountains of Erin, for the chief of the people is low! Blest be thy soul, O Cormac! thou art darkened in thy youth."

His words came to the ears of Cairbar, and he closed us¶ in the midst of darkness. He feared to stretch his sword to the bards, though his

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† From this expression, we understand, that Cairbar had entered the palace of Temora, in the midst of Cormac's speech.

‖ Aithan speaks,

¶ That is, himself and Carril, as it afterwards appears.

soul was dark. Long had we pined alone: at length, the noble Cathmor‡ came. He heard our voice from the cave; he turned the eye of his wrath on Cairbar.

"Chief of Atha!" he said, "how long wilt thou pain my soul? Thy heart is like the rock of the desert; and thy thoughts are dark. But thou art the brother of Cathmor, and he will fight thy battles. But Cathmor's soul is not like thine, thou feeble hand of war! The light of my bosom is stained with thy deeds: the bards will not sing of my renown. They may say, Cathmor was brave, but he fought for gloomy Cairbar. They will pass over my tomb in silence; my fame shall not be heard. Cairbar! loose the bards; they are the sons of other times. Their voice shall be heard in other years; after the kings of Temora have failed."

"We came forth at the words of the chief. We saw him in his strength. He was like thy youth, O Fingal, when thou first didst lift the spear. His face was like the plain of the sun, when it is bright: no darkness travelled over his brow. But he came with his thousands to Ullin; to aid the red-haired Cairbar: and now he comes to revenge his death, O king of woody Morven.

"And let him come," replied the king; "I love a foe like Cathmor. His soul is great; his

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‡ Cathmor appears the same disinterested hero upon every occasion. His humanity and generosity were unparalleled: in short he had no fault, but too much attachment to so bad a brother as Cairbar. His family connection with Cairbar prevails, as he expresses it, over every other consideration, and makes him engage in a war, of which he did not approve.

arm is strong; his battles are full of fame. But the little soul is a vapour that hovers round the marshy lake: it never rises on the green hill, lest the winds should meet it there: its dwelling is in the cave, it sends forth the dart of death. Our young heroes, O warriors, are like the renown of our fathers. They fight in youth; they fall: their names are in the song. Fingal is amidst his darkening years. He must not fall, as an aged oak, across a secret stream. Near it are the steps of the hunter, as it lies beneath the wind. How has that tree fallen? He whistling, strides along.

"Raise the song of joy, ye bards of Morven, that our souls may forget the past. The red stars look on us from the clouds, and silently descend. Soon shall the grey beam of the morning rise, and shew us the foes of Cormac. Filan! take the spear of the king; go to Mora's dark-brown side. Let thine eyes travel over the heath, like flames of fire. Observe the foes of Fingal, and the course of generous Cathmor. I hear a distant sound, like the falling of rocks in the desert. But strike thou thy shield, at times, that they may not come through night, and the fame of Morven cease. I begin to be alone, my son, and I dread the fall of my renown."

The voice of the bards arose. The king leaned on the shield of Trenmor. Sleep descended on his eyes: his future battles rose in his dreams. The host are sleeping around. Dark-haired Filan observed the foe. His steps are on a distant hill; we hear at times his clanging shield.

Temora:

AN

EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

This book opens, we may suppose, about midnight, with a soliloquy of Ossian, who had retired, from the rest of the army, to mourn for his son Oscar. Upon hearing the noise of Cathmor's army approaching, he went to find out his brother Fillan, who kept the watch on the hill of Mora, in the front of Fingal's army. In the conversation of the brothers the episode of Conar, the son of Trenmor who was the first king of Ireland, is introduced which lays open the orgin of the contests between the Cael and Firbolg, the two nations who first possessed themselves of that island. Ossian kindles a fire on Mora; upon which Cathmor desisted from the design he had formed of surprising the army of the Caledonians. He calls a council of his chiefs: reprimands Foldath for advising a night-attack, as the Irish army were so much superior in number to the enemy. The bard Fonar introduces the story of Crothar, the ancestor of the king, which throws further light on the history of Ireland

and the original pretensions of the family of Atha to the throne of that kingdom. The Irish chiefs lie down to rest, and Cathmor himself undertakes the watch. In his circuit round the army, he is met by Ossian. The interview of the two heroes is described. Cathmor obtains a promise from Ossian, to order a funeral elegy to be sung over the grave of Cairbar; it being the opinion of the times, that the souls of the dead could not be happy, till their elegies were sung by a bard. Morning comes. Cathmor and Ossian part: and the latter, casually meeting with Carril the son of Kinfena, sends that bard, with a funeral song, to the tomb of Cairbar.

BOOK II.

FATHER of heroes, Trenmor! dweller of eddying winds! where the dark-red course of thunder marks the troubled clouds! Open thou thy stormy halls, and let the bards of old be near: let them draw near, with their songs and their half-viewless harps. No dweller of misty valley comes; no hunter unknown at his streams; but the car-borne Oscar from the folds of war. Sudden is thy change, my son, from what thou wert on dark Moi-lena! The blast folds thee in its skirt, and rustles along the sky.—Dost thou not behold thy father at the stream of night? The chiefs of Morven sleep far distant. They have lost no son. But ye have lost a hero, chiefs of streamy Morven! Who could equal his strength, when battle rolled against his side, like the darkness of crowded waters?—Why this cloud in Ossian's soul? It ought to burn in danger. Erin is near with her host. The king of Morven is alone. Alone thou shalt not be, my father, while I can lift the spear.

I rose, in my rattling arms. I listened to the

wind of night. The shield of Fillan† is not heard. I shook for the son of Fingal. Why should the foe come, by night: and the dark-haired warrior fail? Distant, sullen murmurs rise: like the noise of the lake of Lego, when its waters shrink, in the days of frost, and all its bursting ice resounds. The people of Lara look to heaven and foresee the storm. My steps are forward on the heath; the spear of Oscar in my hand. Red stars looked from high. I gleamed along the night. I saw Fillan silent before me, bending forward from Mora's rock. He heard the shout of the foe; the joy of his soul arose. He heard my sounding tread, and turned his lifted spear.

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† We understand, from the preceding book that Cathmor was near with an army. When Cairbar was killed, the tribes who attended him fell back to Cathmor; who, as it afterwards appears, had taken a resolution to surprise Fingal by night. Fillan was dispatched to the hill of Mora, which was in the front of the Caledonians, to observe the motions of Cathmor. In this situation were affairs when Ossian, upon hearing the noise of the approaching enemy, went to find out his brother. Their conversation naturally introduces the episode concerning Conar the son of Trenmor, the first Irish monarch, which is so necessary to the understanding the foundation of the rebellion and usurpation of Cairbar and Cathmor. Fillan was the youngest of the sons of Fingal, then living. He and Bosmina, mentioned in the battle of Lora, were the only children of the king, by Clatho the daughter of Cathulla king of Inistore, whom he had taken to wife, after the death of Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac Mac-Conar king of Ireland.

"Comest thou, son of night, in peace? Or dost thou meet my wrath? The foes of Fingal are mine. Speak, or fear my steel. I stand, not in vain, the shield of Morven's race."

"Never mayest thou stand in vain, son of blue-eyed Clatho. Fingal begins to be alone; darkness gathers on the last of his days. Yet he has two† sons who ought to shine in war. Who ought to be two beams of light, near the steps of his departure."

"Son of Finga'," replied the youth, "it is not long since I raised the spear. Few are the marks of my sword in battle, but my soul is fire. The chiefs of Bolga‖ crowd around the shield of

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† That is, two sons in Ireland. Fergus, the second son of Fingal, was, at that time, on an expedition, which is mentioned in one of the lesser poems of Ossian. He, according to some traditions, was the ancestor of Fergus, the son of Erc, or Arcath, commonly called Fergus the second in the Scottish histories. The beginning of the reign of Fergus, over the Scots, is placed, by the most approved annals of Scotland, in the fourth year of the fifth age: a full century after the death of Ossian. The genealogy of his family is recorded thus by the Highland senachies: 'Fergus Mac-Arcath, Mac-Chongeal, Mac-Fergus, Mac-Fiongael na buai': i. e. Fergus the son of Arcath, the son of Congal, the son of Fergus, the son of Fingal the victorious.'

‖ The southern parts of Ireland went, for some time, under the name of Bolga, from the Firbolg or Belgæ of Britain, who settled a colony there. Bolg, signifies a quiver, from which proceeds Firbolg, i. e. bow-men, so called from their using bows, more than any of the neighbouring nations.

generous Cathmor. Their gathering is on tha heath. Shall my steps approach their host? yielded to Oscar alone, in the strife of the race on Cona."

"Fillan, thou shalt not approach their host nor fall before thy fame is known. My name i heard in song: when needful I advance. Fror the skirts of night I shall view their gleamin tribes. Why, Fillan, didst thou speak of Oscar to call forth my sigh? I must forget the warrio till the storm is rolled away. Sadness ought no to dwell in danger, nor the tear in the eye o war. Our fathers forgot their fallen sons, ti the noise of arms was past. Then sorrow return ed to the tomb, and the song of bards arose."

"Conar* was the brother of Trathal, first o

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* Conar, the first king of Ireland, was the son o Trenmor, the great-grandfather of Fingal. I was on account of this family connection that Fin gal was engaged in so many wars in the cause o the race of Conar. Though few of the actions c Trenmor are mentioned in Ossian's poems, yet from the honourable appellations bestowed o him, we may conclude that he was, in the day of the poet, the most renowned name of anti quity. The most probable opinion concernin him is, that he was the first who united th tribes of the Caledonians, and commanded them in chief, against the incursions of the Romans The genealogists of the North, have traced hi family far back, and given a list of his ancestor to Cuan-mornan lan, or Conmor of the swords who, according to them, was the first who cross ed the great sea, to Caledonia, from which cir cumstance his name proceeded, which signifie

ortal men. His battles were on every coast. thousand streams rolled down the blood of his es. His fame filled green Erin, like a pleant gale. The nations gathered in Ullin, and ey blessed the king; the king of the race of eir fathers, from the land of hinds.

" The chiefs† of the south were gathered, in e darkness of their pride. In the horrid cave Moma, they mixed their secret words. Thither ften, they said, the spirits of their fathers came; newing their pale forms from the chinky rocks, nd reminding them of the honour of Bolga. Why should Conar reign, the son of streamy Iorven?

" They came forth, like the streams of the esert, with the roar of their hundred tribes. Conar was a rock before them: broken they rolld on every side. But often they returned, and he sons of Ullin fell. The king stood, among he tombs of his warriors, and darkly bent his nournful face. His soul was rolled into itself; ie marked the place where he was to fall; when Trathal came, in his strength, the chief of cloudy Morven. Nor did he come alone; Colgar was it his side; Colgar the son of the king and of white-bosomed Solin-corma.

Great Ocean. Genealogies of so ancient a date, however, are little to be depended upon.

† The chiefs of the Firbolg, who possessed themselves of the south of Ireland, prior, perhaps, to the settlement of the Cael of Caledonia, and the Hebrides in Ulster. From the sequel, it appears that the Firbolg were by much the most powerful nation: and it is probable that the Cael must have submitted to them, had they not received succours from their mother-country, under the command of Conar.

"As Trenmor, clothed with meteors, descen
from the halls of thunder, pouring the dark sto
before him over the troubled sea: so Colgar d
scended to battle, and wasted the echoing fie
His father rejoiced over the hero: but an arr
came. His tomb was raised, without a te
The king was to revenge his son. He lighten
forward in battle, till Bolga yielded at h
streams.

"When peace returned to the land, and h
blue waves bore the king to Morven: then
remembered his son, and poured the silent te
Thrice did the bards, at the cave of Furmon
call the soul of Colgar. They called him to
hills of his land; he heard them in his mi
Trathal placed his sword in the cave, that t
spirit of his son might rejoice."

"Colgar†, son of Trathal," said Fillan, "th
wert renowned in youth! But the king ha
not marked my sword, bright-streaming on t
field. I go forth with the crowd: I retur
without my fame. But the foe approaches, O
sian. I hear their murmur on the heath. Th
sound of their steps is like thunder, in the b
som of the ground, when the rocking hills sha
their groves, and not a blast pours from t
darkened sky."

Sudden I turned on my spear, and raised th
flame of an oak on high. I spread it large
Mora's wind. Cathmor stopt in his cours
Gleaming he stood, like a rock, on whose sid
are the wandering of blasts; which seize i
echoing streams and clothe them over with ic

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† The poet begins here to mark strongly th
character of Fillan, who is to make so great
figure in the sequel of the poem.

o stood the friend of strangers. The winds lift is heavy locks. Thou art the tallest of the ace of Erin, king of streamy Atha!

" First of bards," said Cathmor, " Fonar¶, all the chiefs of Erin. Call red-haired Cormar, ark-browed Malthos, the side-long-looking loom of Maronan. Let the pride of Folda'h ppear: the red-rolling eye of Turlotho. Nor et Hidalla be forgot; his voice, in danger, is ike the sound of a shower, when it fal's in the lasted vale, near Atha's falling stream."

They came, in their clanging arms. They ent forward to his voice, as if a spirit of their 'athers spoke from a cloud of night. Dreadfu l hone they to the light; like the fall of the stream of Brumo, when the meteor lights it before the nightly stranger. Shuddering, he stops in his journey, and looks up for the beam of the morn.

" Why delights Foldath," said the king, " to pour the blood of foes, by night? Fails his arms in battle, in the beams of day? Few are the foes before us, why should we clothe us in mist? The valiant delight to shine, in the battles of their land. Thy counsel was in vain, chief of Moma; the eyes of Morven do not sleep. They are watchful, as eagles, on their mossy rocks. Let each collect, beneath his cloud, the strength of his roaring tribe. To-morrow I move, in light, to meet the foes of Bolga! Mighty was he, that is low, the race of Borbar-duthul!

¶ Fonar, ' the man of song,' Before the introduction of Christianity, a name was not imposed upon any person, till he had distinguished himself by some remarkable action, from which his name should be derived.

" Not unmarked," said Foldath, " were steps before thy race. In light, I met the f of Cairbar; the warrior praised my deeds. his stone was raised without a tear! No b sung over Erin's king; and shall the foes rejc along their mossy hills? No; they must not joice: he was the friend of Foldath. Our wo were mixed, in secret, in Moma's silent ca whilst thou, a boy in the field, pursuedst thistle's beard. With Moma's sons I shall r abroad, and find the foe, on his dusky hi Fingal shall lie without his song, the grey-hai king of Selma."

" Dost thou think, thou feeble man," repl the chief of Atha; " dost thou think that he fall, without his fame, in Erin! Could the b be silent, at the tomb of the mighty Fingal? T song would burst in secret; and the spirit of king rejoice. It is when thou shalt fall, that bard shall forget the song. Thou art dark, ch of Moma, though thine arm is a tempest in w Do I forget the king of Erin, in his narrow hou My soul is not lost to Cairbar, the brother of love. I marked the bright beams of joy, wh travelled over his cloudy mind, when I return with fame, to Atha of the streams."

Tall they removed, beneath the words of t king; each to his own dark tribe; where, hu ming, they rolled on the heath, faint-glitteri to the stars: like waves in a rocky bay, bef the nightly wind. Beneath an oak, lay the ch of Atha: his shield, a dusky round, hung hi Near him, against a rock, leaned the stranger†

† By the stranger of Inis-huna. is meant S malla, the daugher of Co[illegible]or king of Inis-hu the ancient name of that part of South Brit which is next to the Irish coast. She had follo

Inis-huna: that beam of light, with wandering locks, from Lumon of the roes. At distance rose the voice of Fonar, with the deeds of the days of old. The song fails, at times, in Lubar's growing roar.

"Crothar‖," begun the bard, "first dwelt at Atha's mossy stream. A thousand¶ oaks, from the mountains, formed his echoing hall. The gathering of the people was there, around the feast of the blue-eyed king. But who, among his chiefs, was like the stately Crothar? Warriors kindled in his presence. The young sigh of the virgins rose. In Alnecma was the warrior honoured; the first of the race of Bolga.

"He pursued the chase in Ullin: on the moss-covered top of Drumaréo. From the wood looked the daughter of Cathmin, the blue-rolling eye of Con-lama. Her sigh rose in secret. She bent her head, midst her wandering locks.

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ed Cathmor in disguise. Her story is related at large in the fourth book.

‖ Crothar was the ancestor of Cathmor, and the first of his family, who had settled in Atha. It was in his time, that the first wars were kindled between the Firbolg and Cael. The propriety of the episode is evident; as the contest which originally rose between Crothar and Conar, subsisted afterwards between their posterity, and was the foundation of the story of the present poem.

¶ From this circumstance we may learn, that the art of building with stone was not known in Ireland so early as the days of Crothar. When the colony were long settled in the country, the arts of civil life began to increase among them; for we find mention made of the towers of Atha

The moon looked in, at night, and saw th white-tossing of her arms; for she thought o the mighty Crothar, in the season of her dreams

"Three days feasted Crothar with Cathmi On the fourth they awaked the hinds. Cor lama moved to the chase, with all her lovel steps. She met Crothar in the narrow patl The bow fell, at once, from her hand. Sh turned her face away, and half-hid it with h locks. The love of Crothar rose. He brougl the white-bosomed maid to Atha. Bards raise the song in her presence; joy dwelt round th daughter of Ullin.

"The pride of Torloch rose, a youth who lo ed the white-handed Con-lama. He came wit battle, to Alneema; to Atha of the roes. Co mul went forth to the strife, the brother of ca borne Crothar. He went forth, but he fel and the sigh of his people rose. Silent ar tall, across the stream, came the darkeni strength of Crothar: He rolled the foe fro Alneema, and returned, midst the joy of Co lama.

"Battle on battle comes. Blood is poured blood. The tombs of the valiant rise. Erir clouds are hung rouud with ghosts. The chie of the south gathered round the echoing shie of Crothar. He came with death to the paths the foe. The virgins wept, by the streams

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in the time of Cathmor, which could not w be applied to wooden buildings. In Caled n they begun very early to build with stone. No of the houses of Fingal, excepting Ti-foirm. were of wood. Ti-foirmal was the great h where the bards met to repeat their compositio annually, before they submitted them to t judgment of the king in Selma.

Ullin. They looked to the mist of the hill, no hunter descended from its folds. Silence darkened in the land: blasts sighed lonely on grassy tombs.

"Descending like the eagle of heaven, with all his rustling wings, when he forsakes the blast with joy, the son of Trenmor came; Conar, arm of death, from Morven of the groves. He poured his might along green Erin. Death dimly strode behind his sword. The sons of Bolga fled from his course, as from a stream, that, bursting from the stormy desert, rolls the fields together with all their echoing woods. Crothar met him in battle; but Alnecma's warriors fled*. The king of Atha slowly retired, in the grief of his soul. He, afterwards, shone in the south; but dim as the sun of autumn, when he visits, in his robes of mist, Lara of dark streams. The withered grass is covered with dew: the field, though bright, is sad."

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† The delicacy of the bard, with regard to Crothar, is remarkable. As he was the ancestor of Cathmor, to whom the episode is addressed, the bard softens his defeat, by only mentioning that his people fled. Cathmor took the song of Fonar in an unfavourable light. The bards, being of the order of the druids, who pretended to a foreknowledge of events, were supposed to have some supernatural prescience of futurity. The king thought, that the choice of Fonar's song proceeded from his foreseeing the unfortunate issue of the war; and that his own fate was shadowed out, in that of his ancestor Crothar. The attitude of the bard, after the reprimand of his patron, is picturesque and affecting. We admire the speech of Cathmor, but lament the effect it has on the feeling soul of the good old poet.

"Why wakes the bard before me," said Cathmor, "the memory of those who fled? Ha some ghost, from his dusky cloud, bent forwar to thine ear; to frighten Cathmor from the fiel with the tales of old? Dwellers of the folds o night, your voice is but a blast to me; whicl takes the grey thistle's head, and strews it beard on streams. Within my bosom is a voice others hear it not. His soul forbids the kin of Erin to shrink back from war"

Abashed the bard sinks back in night; retired he bends above a stream, his thoughts are on th days of Atha, when Cathmor heard his son with joy. His tears came rolling down; th winds are in his beard.

Erin sleeps around. No sleep comes down o Cathmor's eyes. Dark, in his soul, he saw th spirit of low-laid Cairbar. He saw him, withou his song, rolled in a blast of night. He ros His steps were round the host. He struck, times, his echoing shield. The sound reache Ossian's ear, on Mora of the hinds.

"Fillan," I said, "the foes advance. I he the shield of war. Stand thou in the narro path. Ossian shall mark their course. If ov my fall the host shall pour; then be thy buckl heard. Awake the king on his heath, lest h fame should cease." I strode in all my rattlin arms; wide bounding over a stream that dark winded, in the field, before the king of Ath Green Atha's king, with lifted spear, came fo ward on my course. Now would we have mixe in horrid fray, like two contending ghost that bending forward, from two clouds, sen forth the roaring winds; did not Ossian behol on high, the helmet of Erin's kings. The eagle wing spread above it, rustling in the breeze. red star looked through the plumes. I stopt th lifted spear.

" The helmet of kings is before me! Who art thou, son of night? Shall Ossian's spear be renowned, when thou art lowly laid?" At once he dropt the gleaming lance. Growing before me seemed the form. He stretched his hand in night; and spoke the words of kings.

" Friend of the spirit of heroes, do I meet thee thus in shades? I have wished for thy stately steps in Atha, in the days of feasts. Why should my spear now arise? The sun must behold us, Ossian; when we bend, gleaming, in the strife. Future warriors shall mark the place; and shuddering think of other years. They shall mark it, like the haunt of ghosts, pleasant and dreadful to the soul."

" And shall it be forgot," I said, " where we meet in peace? Is the remembrance of battles always pleasant to the soul? Do not we behold, with joy, the place where our fathers feasted? But our eyes are full of tears, on the field of their wars. This stone shall rise, with all its moss, and speak to other years. 'Here Cathmor and Ossian met! the warriors met in peace!' When thou, O stone, shalt fail: and Lubar's stream roll quite away! then shall the traveller come, and bend here, perhaps, in rest. When the darkened moon is rolled over his head, our shadowy forms may come, and, mixing with his dreams, remind him of this place. But why turnest thou so dark away, son of Borbar-duthul?"

" Not forgot, son of Fingal, shall we ascend these winds. Our deeds are streams of light, before the eyes of bards. But darkness is rolled on Atha; the king is low, without his song: still there was a beam towards Cathmor from his stormy soul; like the moon, in a cloud, amidst the dark-red course of thunder."

" Son of Erin," I replied, " my wrath dwells

n t in his house*. My hatred flies, on eagle-wing, from the foe that is low. He shall hear the song of bards; Cairbar shall rejoice on his winds."

Cathmor's swelling soul arose; he took the dagger from his side; and placed it gleaming in my hand. He placed it in my hand, with sighs, and, silent, strode away. Mine eyes followed his departure. He dimly gleamed, like the form of a ghost, which meets a traveller by night, in the dark-skirted heath. His words are dark like songs of old: with morning strides the unfinished shade away.

Who¶ comes from Lubar's vale? From the folds of the morning mist? The drops of heaven are on his head. His steps are in the paths of the sad. It is Carril of other times. He comes from Tura's silent cave. I behold it dark in the rock, through the thin folds of mist. There, perhaps, Cuchullin sits, on the blast which bends

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* The grave, often poetically called a house. This reply of Ossian abounds with the most exalted sentiments of a noble mind. Though, of all men living, he was the most injured by Cairbar, yet he laid aside his rage as the foe was low. How different is this from the behaviour of the heroes of other ancient poems!

¶ The morning of the second day, from the opening of the poem, comes on. After the death of Cuchullin, Carril the son of Kinfena, his bard, retired to the cave of Tura, which was in the neighbourhood of Moi-lena, the scene of the poem of Temora. His casual appearance here enables Ossian to fulfil immediately the promise he had made to Cathmor, of causing the funeral song to to be pronounced over the tomb of Cairbar.

its trees. Pleasant is the song of the morning from the bard of Erin!

"The waves crowd away for fear: they hear the sound of thy coming forth, O sun! Terrible is thy beauty, son of heaven, when death is folded in thy locks; when thou rollest thy vapours before thee, over the blasted host. But pleasant is thy beam to the hunter, sitting by the rock in a storm, when thou lookest from thy parted cloud, and brightenest his dewy locks; he looks down on the streamy vale, and beholds the decent of roes. How long shalt thou rise on war, and roll, a bloody shield, through heaven? I see the deaths of heroes dark-wandering over thy face!"

"Why wander the words of Carril? Does the son of heaven mourn? He is unstained in his course, ever rejoicing in his fire. Roll on, thou careless light; thou too, perhaps, must fall. Thy dun robe‖ may seize thee, struggling, in thy sky.

"Pleasant is the voice of the song, O Carril, to Ossian's soul! It is like the shower of the morning, when it comes through the rustling vale, on which the sun looks through mist, just rising from his rocks. But this is no time, O bard! to sit down, at the strife of song. Fingal is in arms on the vale. Thou seest the flaming shield of the king. His face darkens between his locks, He beholds the wide rolling of Erin.

"Does not Carril behold that tomb, beside the roaring stream? Three stones lift their grey heads beneath a bending oak. A king is lowly laid; give thou his soul to the wind. He is the brother of Cathmor! Open his airy hall! Let thy song be a stream of joy to Cairbar's darkened ghost."

‖ By the dun robe of the sun, is probably meant an eclipse.

Temora:

AN

EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning coming on, Fingal, after a speech to his people, devolves the command on Gaul, the son of Morni; it being the custom of the times, that the king should not engage, till the necessity of affairs required his superior valour and conduct. The king and Ossian retire to the rock of Cormul, which overlooked the field of battle. The bards sing the war song. The general conflict is described. Gaul, the son of Morni, distinguishes himself; kills Tur-lathon, chief of Moruth, and other chiefs of lesser name. On the other hand, Foldath who commanded the Irish army (for Cathmor, after the example of Fingal, kept himself from battle) fights gallantly; kills Connal, chief of Dun-lora, and advances to engage Gaul himself. Gaul in the mean time, being wounded in the hand, by a random arrow, is covered by Fillan, the son of Fingal, who performs prodigies of valour. Night comes on. The horn of Fingal recals his army. The

bards meet them, with a congratulatory song, in which the praises of Gaul and Fillan are particularly celebrated. The chiefs sit down at a feast; Fingal misses Connal. The episode of Connal and Duth-caron is introduced; which throws further light on the ancient history of Ireland. Carril is dispatched to raise the tomb af Connal. The action of this book takes up the second day, from the opening of the poem.

BOOK III.

WHO is that, at blue-streaming Lubar; by the bending hill of the roes? Tall, he leans on an oak torn from high, by nightly winds. Who but Comhal's son, brightening in the last of his fields? His grey hair is on the breeze: he half unsheathes the sword of Luno. His eyes are turned to Moi-lena, to the dark rolling of foes. Dost thou hear the voice of the king? It is like the bursting of a stream, in the desert, when it comes between its echoing rocks, to the blasted field of the sun.

"Wide-skirted comes down the foe! Sons of woody Morven, arise. Be ye like the rocks of my land, on whose brown sides are the rolling of waters. A beam of joy comes on my soul; I see them mighty before me. It is when the foe is feeble, that the sighs of Fingal are heard; lest death should come without renown, and darkness dwell on his tomb. Who shall lead the war, against the host of Alnecma? It is only when danger grows, that my sword shall shine. Such was the custom, heretofore, of Trenmor the ruler of winds: and thus descended to battle the blue-shielded Trathal"

The chiefs bend towards the king: each darkly seems to claim the war. They tell, by halves, their mighty deeds; and turn their eyes on Erin.

But far before the rest the son of Morni stood; silent he stood, for who had not heard of the battles of Gaul? They rose within his soul. His hand, in secret, seized the sword. The sword which he brought from Strumon, when the strength of Morni failed †.

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† Strumon, 'stream of the hill,' the name of the seat of the family of Gaul, in the neighbourhood of Selma. During Gaul's expedition to Tromathon, mentioned in the poem of Oithona, Morni his father died. Morni ordered the sword of Strumon, (which had been preserved, in the family, as a relique, from the days of Colgach, the most renowned of his ancestors) to be laid by his side, in the tomb: at the same time leaving it in charge to his son, not to take it from thence, till he was reduced to the last extremity. Not long after, two of his brothers being slain, in battle, by Coldaronnan, chief of Clutha, Gaul went to his father's tomb to take the sword. His address to the spirit of the deceased hero, is the only part now remaining, of a poem of Ossian on the subject. I shall here lay it before the reader.

GAUL. "Breaker of echoing shields, whose head is deep in shades; hear me from the darkness of Clora. O son of Colgach, hear!

No rustling, like the eagle's wing, comes over the course of my streams. Deep-bosomed in the mist of the desert, O king of Strumon, hear!

Dwellest thou in the shadowy breeze, that pours its dark wave over the grass? Cease to strew the beard of the thistle; O chief of Clora, hear!

Or ridest thou on a beam, amidst the dark

On his spear stood the son of Clatho‖ in the wandering of his locks. Thrice he raised his eyes to Fingal: his voice thrice failed him, as he spoke. Fillan could not boast of battles; at once he strode away Bent over a distant stream he stood: the tear hung in his eye. He struck, at times, the thistle's head, with his inverted spear.

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trouble of clouds? Pourest thou the loud wind on seas, to roll their blue waves over isles? hear me, father of Gaul; amidst thy terrors, hear!

The rustling of eagles is heard, the murmuring oaks shake their heads on the hills; dreadful and pleasant is thy approach, friend of the dwelling of heroes!

MORNI. Who awakes me, in the midst of my cloud, where my locks of mist spread on the winds? Mixed with the noise of streams: why rises the voice of Gaul?

GAUL My foes are around me, Morni: their dark ships descend from their waves. Give the sword of Strumun, that beam which thou hidest in thy night.

MORNI. Take the sword of resounding Strumon; I look on thy war, my son; I look, a dim meteor, from my cloud; blue-shielded Gaul, destroy!"

‖ Clatho was the daughter of Cathulla, king of Inistore. Fingal, in one of his expeditions to that island, fell in love with Clatho, and took her to wife, after the death of Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac, king of Ireland. Clatho was the mother of Ryno, Fillan, and Bosmina, mentioned in the battle of Lora Fillan is often called the son of Clatho, to distinguish him from those sons which Fingal had by Ros-crana.

Nor is he unseen of Fingal. Sidelong he beheld his son. He beheld him, with bursting joy; and turned amidst his crowded soul. In silence turned the king towards Mora of woods. He hid the big tear with his locks. At length his voice is heard.

"First of the sons of Morni; thou rock that defiest the storm! Lead thou my battle, for the race of low-laid Cormac. No boy's staff is thy spear: no harmless beam of light thy sword. Son of Morni of steeds, behold the foe; destroy! Fillan, observe the chief: he is not calm in strife; nor burns he, heedless, in battle: my son, observe the king. He is strong as Lubar's stream, but never foams and roars. High on cloudy Mora, Fingal shall behold the war. Stand, Ossian, near thy father, by the falling stream. Raise the voice, O bards! Morven, move beneath the sound. It is my latter field; clothe it over with light."

As the sudden rising of winds; or distant rolling of troubled seas, when some dark ghost, in wrath, heaves the billows over an isle, the seat of mist, on the deep, for many dark-brown years: so terrible is the sound of the host, wide-moving over the field. Gaul is tall before them: the streams glitter within his strides. The bards raised the song by his side; he struck his shield between. On the skirts of the blast, the tuneful voices rose.

"O Crona," said the bards, "there bursts a stream by night. It swells in its own dark course, till morning's early beam. Then comes it white from the hill, with the rocks and their hundred groves. Far be my steps from Crona: Death is tumbling there. Be ye a stream from Mora, sons of cloudy Morven."

"Who rises, from his car, on Clutha! The hills are troubled before the king! The dark

woods echo round, and lighten at his steel. See him, amidst the foe, like Colgach's‡ sportful ghost; when he scatters the clouds, and rides on the eddying winds: It is Morni of the bounding steeds! Be like thy father, Gaul!"

"Selma is opened wide. Bards take the trembling harps. Ten youths carry the oak of the feast. A distant sun-beam marks the hill. The dusky waves of the blast fly over the fields of grass. Why art thou so silent, Morven? The king returns with all his fame. Did not the battle roar; yet peaceful is his brow? It roared, and Fingal overcame. Be like thy father, Fillan!"

They moved beneath the song. High waved their arms, as rushy fields, beneath autumnal winds. On Mora stood the king in arms. Mist flies round his buckler broad, as aloft, it hung on a bough, on Cormul's mossy rock. In silence I stood by Fingal, and turned my eyes on Cromla's wood: lest I should behold the host, and rush amidst my swelling soul. My foot is forward on the heath. I glittered, tall, in steel: like the falling stream of Tromo, which nightly winds bind over with ice. The boy sees it, on high, gleaming to the early beam: towards it he turns his ear, and wonders why it is so silent.

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‡ There are some traditions, but, I believe, of late invention, that this Colgach was the same with the Galgacus of Tacitus. He was the ancestor or Gaul, the son of Morni, and appears, from some, really ancient, traditions, to have been king, or Vergobret, of the Caledonians; and hence proceeded the pretensions of the family of Morni to the throne, which created a good deal of disturbance, both to Comhal and his son Fingal.

Nor bent over a stream is Cathmor, like a youth in a peaceful field: wide he drew forward the war, a dark and troubled wave. But when he beheld Fingal on Mora, his generous pride arose. "Shall the chief of Atha fight and no king in the field? Foldath, lead my people forth. Thou art a beam of fire"

Forth issued the chief of Moma, like a cloud, the robe of ghosts. He drew his sword, a flame, from his side; and bade the battle move. The tribes, like ridgy waves, dark pour their strength around. Haughty is his stride before them: his red eye rolls in wrath. He called the chief of Dunratho; and his words were heard:—

"Cormul, thou beholdest that path. It winds green behind the foe. Place thy people there; lest Morven should escape from my sword. Bards of green-valleyed Erin, let no voice of yours arise. The sons of Morven must fall without song. They are the foes of Cairbar. Hereafter, shall the traveller meet their dark, thick mist on Lena, where it wanders, with their ghosts, beside the reedy lake. Never shall they rise, without song, to the dwelling of winds."

Cormul darkened as he went: behind him rushed his tribe. They sunk beyond the rock: Gaul spoke to Fillan of Moruth; as his eye pursued the course of the dark-eyed king of Dunratho. "Thou beholdest the steps of Cormul; let thine arm be strong. When he is low, son of Fingal, remember Gaul in war. Here I fall forward into battle, amidst the ridge of shields."

The sign of death arose: the dreadful sound of Morni's shield. Gaul poured his voice between. Fingal rose, high on Mora. He saw them, from wing to wing, bending in the strife. Gleaming, on his own dark hill, the strength of Atha stood. They were like two spirits of heaven, standing each on his gloomy cloud;

when they pour abroad the winds, and lift the roaring seas. The blue-tumbling of waves is before hem, marked with the paths of whales. Themselves are calm and bright; and the gale lifts their locks of mist.

What beam of light hangs high in air? It is Morni's dreadful sword. Death is strewed on thy paths, O Gaul; thou foldest them together in thy rage. Like a young oak fal s Turlathon, with his branches round him. H s high-bosomed spouse stretches her white arms, in dreams, to the returning king, as she sleeps by gurgling Moruth, in her disorde.ed locks. It is his ghost, Orchoma; the chief is lowly laid. Harken not to the winds for Turlathon's echoing shield. It is pierced, by his streams, and its sound is past away.

Not peaceful is the hand of Foldath: he winds his course in blood. Connal met him in fight; they mixed their clanging steel. Why should mine eyes behold them! Connal, thy locks are grey. Thou wert the friend of strangers, at the moss-covered rock of Dun-lora When the skies were rolled together; then thy feast was spread. The stranger heard the winds without; and rejoiced at thy burning oak. Why, son of Duthcaron, art thou laid in blood! The blasted tree bends above thee: thy shield lies broken near. Thy blood mixes with the stream; thou breaker of the shields!

I took the spear, in my wrath; but Gaul rushed forward on the foe. The feeble pass by his side; his rage is turned on Moma's chief. Now they had raised their deathful spears: unseen an arrow came. It pierced the hand of Gaul; his steel fell sounding to earth. Young Fillan came||,

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|| Fillan had been dispatched by Gaul to oppose Cormul, who had been sent by Foldath to lie in

with Cormul's shield, and stretched it large before the king. Foldath sent his shout abroad and kindled all the field: as a blast that lifts the broad-winged flame, over Lumon's echoing groves.

"Son of blue-eyed Clatho," said Gaul, "thou art a beam from heaven; that coming on the troubled deep, binds up the tempest's wing. Cormul is fallen before thee. Early art thou in the fame of thy fathers. Rush not too far, my hero, I cannot lift the spear to aid. I stand harmless in battle: but my voice shall be poured abroad. The sons of Morven shall hear, and remember my former deeds."

His terrible voice rose on the wind, the host bend forward in the fight. Often had they heard him, at Strumon, when he called them to the chase of the hinds.—Himself stood tall, amidst the war, as an oak in the skirts of a storm, which now is clothed, on high, in mist: then shows its broad, waving head; the musing hunter lifts his eye from his own rushy field.

My soul pursues thee, O Fillan, through the path of thy fame. Thou rolledst the foe before thee. Now Foldath, perhaps, would fly; but night came down with its clouds; and Cathmor's horn was heard. The sons of Morven heard the voice of Fingal, from Mora's gathered mist. The bards poured their song, like dew, on the returning war.

"Who comes from Strumon," they said, "amidst her wandering locks? She is mournful in her steps, and lifts her blue eye towards Erin.

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ambush behind the Caledonian army. It appears that Fillan had killed Cormul, otherwise he could not be supposed to have possessed himself of the shield of that chief.

Why art thou sad, Evir-choma! Who is like thy chief in renown? He descended dreadful to battle: he returns, like a light from a cloud. He lifted the sword in wrath, they shrunk before blue-shielded Gaul!

"Joy, like the rustling gale, comes on the soul of the king. He remembers the battles of old; the days, wherein his fathers fought. The days of old return on Fingal's mind, as he beholds the renown of his son. As the sun rejoices from his cloud, over the tree his beams have raised, as it shakes its lonely head on the heath; so joyful is the king over Fillan.

"As the rolling of thunder on hills, when Lara's fields are still and dark, such are the steps of Morven pleasant and dreadful to the ear. They return with their sound, like eagles to their dark-browed rock, after the prey is torn on the field, the dun sons of the bounding hind. Your fathers rejoice from their clouds, sons of streamy Cona."

Such was the nightly voice of bards, on Mora of the hinds. A flame rose, from an hundred oaks, which winds had torn from Cormul's steep. The feast is spread in the midst: around sat the gleaming chiefs. Fingal is there in his strength; the eagle-wing of his helmet sounds: the rustling blasts of the west, unequal, rushed through night: Long looked the king in silence round; at length his words were heard.

"My soul feels a want in our joy. I behold a breach among my friends. The head of one tree is low: the squally wind pours in on Selma. Where is the chief of Dun-lora? Ought he to be forgot at the feast! When did he forget the stranger, in the midst of his echoing hall? Ye are silent in my presence! Connal is then no more Joy meet thee, O warrior, like a stream of light! Swift be thy course to thy fathers, in

the folds of the mountain-winds! Ossian, thy soul is fire: kindle the memory of the king Awake the battlesof Connal, when first he shone in war. The locks of Connal were grey; his days of youth were mixed with mine. In one day Duth-caron first strung our bows against the roes of Dun-lora."

"Many," I said, "are our paths to battle, in green-hilled Inis-fail. Often did our sails arise, over the blue-tumbling waters; when we came, in other days, to aid the race of Conar. The strife roared once in Alnecma, at the foam-covered streams of Duth-ula. With Cormac descended to battle Duth-caron from cloudy Morven. Nor descended Duth-caron alone, his son was by his side, the long-haired youth of Connal, lifting the first of his spears. Thou didst command them, O Fingal, to aid the king of Erin.

"Like the bursting strength of a stream, the sons of Bolga rushed to war: Colc-ulla was before them, the chief of blue-streaming Atha. The battle was mixed on the plain, like the meeting of two stormy seas. Cormac shone in his own strife, bright as the forms of his fathers. But, far before the rest, Duth-caron hewed down the foe. Nor slept the arm of Connal, by his father's side. Atha prevailed on the plain: like scattered mist, fled the people of Ullin¶.

"Then rose the sword of Duth-caron, and the steel of broad-shielded Connal. They shaded

¶ The Inhabitants of Ullin or Ulster, who were of the race of the Caledonians, seem alone to have been the firm friends to the succession in the family of Conar. The Firbolg were only subject to them by constraint, and embraced every opportunity to throw off their yoke.

their flying friends, like two rocks with their heads of pine. Night came down on Duth-ula; silent strode the chiefs over the field. A mountain-stream roared across the path, nor could Duth-caron bound over its course. "Why stands my father," said Connal, "I hear the rushing foe."

"Fly Connal," he said; "thy father's strength begins to fail. I come wounded from battle; here let me rest in night." "But thou shalt not remain alone," said Connal's bursting sigh. "My shield is an eagle's wing to cover the king of Dun-lora." He bends dark above the chief: the mighty Duth-caron dies.

"Day rose, and night returned. No lonely bard appeared, deep musing on the heath: and could Connal leave the tomb of his father, till he should receive his fame? He bent the bow against the roes of Duth-ula; he spread the lonely feast. Seven nights he laid his head on the tomb, and saw his father in his dreams. He saw him rolled dark, in a blast, like the vapour of reedy Lego.—At length, the steps of Colgan†

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† Colgan, the son of Lathmul, was the principal bard of Cormac Mac-Conar, king of Ireland. Part of an old poem, on the loves of Fingal and Ros-crana, is still preserved, and goes under the name of this Colgan; but whether it is of his composition, or the production of a later age, I shall not pretend to determine. Be that as it will, it appears, from the obsolete phrases which it contains, to be very ancient; and its poetical merit may perhaps excuse me for laying a translation of it before the reader. What remains of the poem is a dialogue in a lyric measure, between Fingal and Ros-crana, the daughter of

came, the bard of high Temora. Duth-caros received his fame, and brightened, as he rose on the wind."

Cormac, She begins with a soliloquy, which is overheard by Fingal.

ROS-CRANA. "By night, came a dream to Ros-crana! I feel my beating soul. No vision of the forms of the dead, came to the blue eyes of Erin. But, rising from the wave of the north, I beheld him bright in his locks. I beheld the son of the king. My beating soul is high. I laid my head down in night: again ascended the form. Why delayest thou thy coming, young rider of streamy waves?

But, there, far distant, he comes; where seas roll their green ridges in mist! Young dweller of my soul; why dost thou delay?

FINGAL. It was the soft voice of Moi-lena! the pleasant breeze of the valley of roes! But why dost thou hide thee in shades? Young love of heroes rise. Are not thy steps covered with light? In thy groves thou appearest, Ros-crana, like the sun in the gathering of clouds. Why dost thou hide thee in shades? Young love of heroes rise!

ROS-CRANA. My fluttering soul is high! Let me turn from the steps of the king. He has heard my secret voice, and shall my blue eyes roll, in his presence! Roe of the hill of moss, toward thy dwelling I move. Meet me, ye breezes of Mora, as I move thro' the valley of winds. But why should he ascend his ocean? Son of heroes, my soul is thine! My steps shall not move to the desert: the light of Ros-crana is here.

"Pleasant to the ear," said Fingal, "is the raise of the kings of men; when their bows are trong in battle; when they soften at the sight f the sad. Thus let my name be renowned, vhen bards shall lighten my rising soul. Carril, on of Kinfena; take the bards and raise a tomb. To-night let Connal dwell, within his narrow nouse: let not the soul of the valiant wander on the winds. Faint glimmers the moon on Moi-lena, through the broad-headed groves of the hill. Raise stones, beneath its beams, to all the fallen in war. Though no chiefs were they, yet their hands were strong in fight. They were my rock in danger: the mountain from which I spread my eagle wings. Thence am I renowned: Carril forget not the low."

Loud, at once, from the hundred bards, rose the song of the tomb. Carril strode before them; they are the murmur of streams behind him. Silence dwells in the vales of Moi-lena, where each, with its own dark stream, is winding between the hills. I heard the voice of the bards, lessening, as they moved along. I leaned forward from my shield; and felt the kindling of my soul. Half-formed, the words of my

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FINGAL. It was the light tread of a ghost the fair dweller of eddying winds. Why deceivest thou me, with thy voice? Here let me rest in shades. Shouldst thou stretch thy white arm, from thy grove, thou sun-beam of Cormac of Erin!

ROS-CRANA. He is gone! and my blue eyes are dim: faint-rolling, in all my tears. But, there, I behold him, alone. King of Morven, my soul is thine. Ah me! what clanging of armour! Culc-ulla of Atha is near!"

song, burst forth upon the wind. So bears a tre on the vale, the voice of spring around: it pou its green leaves to the sun, and shakes its lone head. The hum of the mountain bee is near i the hunter sees it, with joy, from the blast heath.

Young Fillan, at a distance stood. His helm lay glitering on the ground. His dark hair is loo to the blast: a beam of light is Clatho's son. H heard the words of the king with joy; and leane forward on his spear.

"My son," said car-borne Fingal; "I sa thy deeds, and my soul was glad. The fame o our fathers, I said, bursts from its gathered clou Thou art brave, son of Clatho; but headlong i the strife. So did not Fingal advance, though h never feared a foe Let thy people be a ridge be hind, they are thy strengrh in the field. Then shalt thou be long renowned, and behold th tombs of thy fathers. The memory of the pas returns, my deeds in other years: when first descended from ocean on the green valleyed isle.' We bend towards the voice of the king. The moon looks abroad from her cloud, The grey skirted mist is near, the dweiling of the ghosts.

Temora:

AN

EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

The second night continues. Fingal relates, at the feast, his own first expedition into Ireland, and his marriage with Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac, king of that island. The Irish chiefs convene in the presence of Cathmor. The situation of the king described. The story of Sul-malla, the daughter of Con-mor, king of Inis-huna, who, in the disguise of a young warrior, had followed Cathmor to the war. The sullen behaviour of Foldath, who had commanded in the battle of the preceding day, renews the difference between him and Maithos; but Cathmor enterposing, ends it. The chiefs feast, and hear the song of Fonar the bard. Cathmor retires to rest, at a distance from the army, The ghost of his brother Cairbar appears to him in a dream; and obscurely fortels the issue of the war. The soliloquy of the king. He discovers Sul-malla. Morning comes. Her soliloquy closes the book.

BOOK IV.

"BENEATH* an oak," said the kin
"I sat on Selma's streamy ro
when Connal rose, from the sea, with t
broken spear of Duth-caron. Far distant st
the youth, and turned away his eyes; for
remembered the steps of his father, on his o
green hills. I darkened in my place: dus
thoughts rolled over my soul. The kings
Erin rose before me. I half-unsheathed
sword. Slowly approached the chiefs; th
lifted up their silent eyes. Like a ridge of clou
they wait for the bursting forth of my voi
it was to them a wind from heaven, to
the mist away.

"I bade my white sails to rise, before the r
of Cona's wind. Three hundred youths look
from their waves, on Fingal's bossy shield. H
on the mast it hung, and marked the dark b
sea. But when the night came down, I stru
at times, the warning boss: I struck, and lool
on high, for fiery-haired Ul-erin†. Nor want

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* This episode has an immediate connect
with the story of Connal and Duth-caron, in
latter end of the the third book. Fingal, sitt
beneath an oak, near the palace of Selma, c
covers Connal just landing from Ireland. T
danger which threatened Cormac, king of I
land, induces him to sail immediately to t
island. The story is introduced, by the king,
a pattern for the future behaviour of Fill
whose rashness in the preceding battle is re
manded.

† Ul-erin, 'the guide to Ireland,' a star kno

as the star of heaven: It travelled red between ne clouds: I pursued the lovely beam, on the int gleaming deep. With morning, Erin rose in list. We came into the bay of Moi-lena, where s blue waters tumbled, in the bosom of echoing oods. Here Cormac, in his secret hall, avoided he strength of Colc-ulla. Nor he alone avoids he foe: the blue eye of Ros-crana is there: Ros-crana†, white-handed maid, the daughter of he king.

" Grey, on his pointless spear, came forth the ged steps of Cormac. He smiled, from his aving locks, but grief was in his soul. He saw is few before him, and his sigh arose. " I see he arms of Trenmor," he said; " and these re the steps of the king! Fingal! thou art a eam of light to Cormac's darkened soul. Early s thy fame, my son: but strong are the foes of Erin. They are like the roar of streams in the land, son of car-borne Comhal."

" Yet they may be rolled away," I said, in my rising soul. " We are not of the race of the feeble, king of blue-shielded hosts. Why should fear come amongst us, like a ghost of night? The soul of the valiant grows, as foes increase in the field. Roll no darkness, king of Erin, on the young in war."

" The bursting tears of the king came down. He seized my hand in silence. " Race of the daring Trenmor, I roll no cloud before thee. Thou burnest in the fire of thy fathers. I behold thy fame. It marks thy course in battles, like a stream of light. But wait the coming of Cair-

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by that name in the days of Fingal, and very useful to those who sailed, by night, from the Hebrides, or Caledonia to the coast of Ulster.

† Ros-crana, was the mother of Ossian.

bar†: my son must join thy sword. He calls t
the sons of Ullin, from all their distant strean
"We came to the hall of the king, where
rose in the midst of rocks: rocks, on wh
dark sides were the marks of streams of o
Broad oaks bend around with their moss: t
thick birch waves its green head. Half-hid,
her shady grove, Ros-crana raised the so
Her white hands rose on the harp. I beheld h
blue-rolling eyes. She was like a spirit‖ of he
ven half folded in the skirt of a cloud.

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† Cairbar, the son of Cormac, was afterwar
king of Ireland. His reign was short. He w
succeeded by his son Artho, the father of th
Cormac who was murdered by Cairbar the son
Borbar-duthul.

‖ The attitude of Ros-crana is aptly illustra
ed by this simile; for the ideas of those time
concerning the spirits of the deceased, were n
so gloomy and disagreeable as those of succeedi
ages. The spirits of women, it was suppose
retained that beauty which they possessed wh
living, and transported themselves, from place
place, with that gliding motion, which Hom
ascribes to the gods. The descriptions whi
poets, less ancient than Ossian, have left us
those beautful figures, that appeared sometim
on the hills, are elegant and picturesque. 'Th
compare them to the 'rain-bow on stream
or the gliding of sun-beams on the hills.'

A chief who lived three centures ago, retur
ing from the war, understood that his wife
mistress was dead. The bard introduces hi
speaking the following soliloquy, when he car
within sight of the place where he had left h
t his departure.

"My soul darkens in sorrow. I behold n

"Three days we feasted at Mol-lena: she rose bright amidst my troubled soul. Cormac beheld me dark. He gave the white-bosomed maid. She came with bending eye, amidst the wandering of her heavy locks. She came. Straight the battle roared. Col-culla rushed; I seized my spear. My sword rose, with my people, against the ridgy foe. Alnecma fled. Col-culla fell. Fingal returned with fame.

"He is renowned, O Fillan, who fights, in the strength of his people. The bard pursues his steps, through the land of the foe. But he who fights alone, few are his deeds to other times. He shines to-day a mighty light. To-morrow, he is low. One song contains his fame. His name is on one dark field. He is forgot, but where his tomb sends forth the tufts of grass."

Such were the words of Fingal, on Mora of the roes. Three bards, from the rock of Cormul, poured down the pleasant song. Sleep descended, in the sound, on the broad-skirted host. Carril returned, with the bards, from the tomb of Dun-lora's king. The voice of morning shall

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the smoke of my hall. No grey dog bounds at my streams. Silence dwells in the valley of trees.

"Is that a rain-bow on Crunath? It flies: and the sky is dark. Again, thou movest, bright, on the heath, thou sun-beam clothed in a shower! Ha! it is she, my love: her gliding course on the bosom of winds!"

In succeeding times the beauty of Roscrana passed into a proverb; and the highest compliment that could be paid to a woman, was to compare her person with the daughter of Cormac.

not come, to the dusky bed of the hero. No more shalt thou hear the tread of roes, around thy narrow house.

As roll the troubled clouds, round a meteor of night, when they brighten their sides, with its light, along the heaving sea: so gathered Erin, around the gleaming form of Atha's king. He, tall in the midst, careless lifts, at times, his spear: as swells or falls the sound of Fonar's distant harp. Near† him leaned, against a rock, Sul-malla of blue

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† In order to illustrate this passage, I shall give, here, the history on which it is founded, as I have gathered it from other poems. The nation of the Firbolg who inhabited the south of Ireland, being originally descended from the Belgæ, who possessed the south and south-west coast of Britain, kept up, for many ages, an amicable correspondence with their mother country; and sent aid to the British Belgæ, when they were pressed by the Romans or other new comers from the continent. Con-mor, king of Inis-huna, (that part of South Britain which is over against the Irish coast) being attacked, by what enemy is not mentioned, sent for aid to Cairbar, lord of Atha, the most potent chief of the Firbolg. Cairbar dispatched his brother Cathmor to the assistance of Con-mor. Cathmor, after various vicissitudes of fortune, put an end to the war, by the total defeat of the enemies of Inis-huna, and returned in triumph to the residence of Con-mor. There, at a feast, Sul-malla, the daughter of Con-mor, fell desperately in love with Cathmor, who, before her passion was disclosed, was recalled to Ireland by his brother Cairbar, upon the news of the intended expedition of Fingal, to re-establish the family of Conar on the Irish

eyes, the white bosomed daughter of Con-mor, king of Inis-huna. To his aid came blue-shielded Cathmor, and rolled his foes away. Sul-malla beheld him stately in the hall of feasts; nor careless rolled the eyes of Cathmor on the long-haired maid.

The third day arose, and Fithil came from Erin of the streams. He told of the lifting up of the shield‖ on Morven, and the danger of red-

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throne. The wind being contrary, Cathmor remained, for three days, in a neighbouring bay, during which time Sul-malla disguised herself, in the habit of a young warrior, and came to offer him her service in the war. Cathmor accepted of the proposal, sailed for Ireland, and arrived in Ulster a few days before the death of Cairbar.

‖ The ceremony which was used by Fingal, when he prepared for an expedition, is related by Ossian, in one of his lesser poems. A bard, at midnight, went to the hall, where the tribes feasted upon solemn occasions, raised the war song, and thrice called the spirits of their deceased ancestors to come, on their clouds, to behold the actions of their children. He then fixed the shield of Trenmor, on a tree on the rock of Selma, striking it, at times, with the blunt end of a spear, and singing the war song between. Thus he did for three successive nights, and in the mean time, messengers were dispatched to convene the tribes; or, as Ossian expresses it, 'to call them from all their streams.' This phrase alludes to the situation of the residences of the clans, which were generally fixed in valleys, where the torrents of the neighbouring mountains were collected into one body, and became large streams or rivers. The lifting up of the shield, was the phrase for beginning a war.

haired Cairbar. Cathmor raised the sail at Cluba; but the winds were in other lands. Three days he remained on the coast, and turned his eyes on Con-mor's halls. He remembered the daughter of strangers, and his sigh arose. Now when the winds awaked the wave: from the hill came a youth in arms; to lift the sword with Cathmor in his echoing field. It was the white-armed Sul-malla: secret she dwelt beneath her helmet. Her steps were in the path of the king; on him her blue eyes rolled with joy when he lay by his roaring streams. But Cathmor thought that, on Lumon, she still pursued the roes: or fair on a rock, stretched her white hand to the wind; to feel its course from Inis-fail the green dwelling of her love. He had promised to return, with his white-bosomed sails. The maid is near thee, king of Atha, leaning on her rock.

The tall forms of the chiefs stood around: all but dark-browed Foldath. He stood beneath a distant tree, rolled into his haughty soul. His bushy hair whistles in the wind. At times, bursts the hum of a song. He struck the tree, at length, in wrath, and rushed before the king. Calm and stately, to the beam of the oak, arose the form of young Hidalla. His hair falls round his blushing cheek, in wreaths of waving light. Soft was his voice in Clonra, in the valley of his fathers; when he touched the harp, in the hall, near his roaring streams.

"King of Erin," said the youth, "now is the time of feasts. Bid the voice of bards arise, and roll the night away. The soul returns, from song, more terrible to war. Darkness settles on Inis-fail: from hill to hill bend the skirted clouds. Far and grey, on the heath, the dreadful strides of ghosts are seen: the ghosts of those who fell bend forward to their song. Bid thou the harps to rise, and brighten the dead, on their wandering blasts."

"Be all the dead forgot," said Foldath's bursting wrath. "Did not I fail in the field, and shall I hear the song? Yet was not my course harmless in battle: blood was a stream round my steps. But the feeble were behind me, and the foe has escaped my sword. In Clonra's vale touch thou the harp; let Dura answer to thy voice; while some maid looks, from the wood, on thy long yellow locks. Fly from Lubar's echoing plain; it is the field of heroes."

"King of Temora," Malthos said, "it is thine to lead in war. Thou art a fire to our eyes, on the dark-brown field. Like a blast thou hast past over hosts, and laid them low in blood; but who has heard my words returning from the field? The wrathful delight in death; their remembrance rests on the wounds of their spear. Strife is folded in their thoughts: their words are ever heard. Thy course, chief of Moma, was like a troubled stream. The dead were rolled on thy path; but others also lift the spear. We were not feeble behind thee, but the foe was strong."

The king beheld the rising rage, and bending forward of either chief: for half-unsheathed, they held their swords, and rolled their silent eyes. Now would they have mixed in horrid fray, had not the wrath of Cathmor burned. He drew his sword; it gleamed through night, to the high flaming oak. "Sons of pride," said the king, "allay your swelling souls. Retire in night. Why should my rage arise? Should I contend with both in arms? It is no time for strife. Retire ye clouds at my feast. Awake my soul no more"

They sunk from the king on either side; like†

† The poet could scarce find, in all nature, a comparison so favourable as this to the superio-

two columns of morning mist, when the sun rises, between them, on his glittering rocks. Dark is their rolling on either side; each towards its reedy pool.

Silent sat the chiefs at the feast. They looked, at times, on Atha's king, where he strode, on his rock, amidst his settling soul. The host lay, at length, on the field: sleep descended on Moi-lena. The voice of Fonar, rose alone, beneath his distant tree. It rose in the praise of Cathmor son of Larthon of Lumon. But Cathmor did not hear his praise. He lay at the roar of a stream. The rustling breeze of night flew over his whistling locks.

Cairbar came to his dreams, half-seen from his low-hung cloud. Joy rose darkly in his face: he had heard the song of Carril†. A blast sustained

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rity of Cathmor over his two chiefs. I shall illustrate this passage with another from a fragment of an ancient poem, just now in my hands. "As the sun is above the vapours, which his beams have raised; so is the soul of the king above the sons of fear. They roll dark below him; he rejoices in the robe of his beams. But when feeble deeds wander on the soul of the king, he is: darkened sun rolled along the sky; the valley is sad below: flowers wither beneath the drop of the night."

† Carril, the son of Kinfena, by the orders of Ossian, sung the funeral elegy at the tomb of Cairbar. See the second book, towards the end. In all the poems of Ossian, the visits of ghosts to their living friends, are short, and their language obscure, both which circumstances tend to throw a solemn gloom on those supernatural scenes. Towards the latter end of the speech of the

his dark-shirted cloud; which he seized in the bosom of night, as he rose, with his fame, towards his airy hall. Half-mixed with the noise of the stream, he poured his feeble words

"Joy met the soul of Cathmor: his voice was heard on Moi-lena. The bard gave his song to Cairbar; he travels on the wind. My form is in my father's hall, like the gliding of a terrible light, which winds through the desert, in a stormy night. No bard shall be wanting at thy tomb, when thou art lowly laid. The sons of song love the valiant. Cathmor, thy name is a pleasant gale. The mournful sounds arise! On Lubar's field there is a voice! Louder still, ye shadowy ghosts! the dead were full of fame. Shrilly swells the feeble sound. The rougher blast alone is heard! Ah, soon is Cathmor low!" Rolled into himself he flew, wide on the bosom of his blast. The old oak felt his departure, and shook its whistling head. The king started from rest, and took his deathful spear. He lifts his eyes around. He sees but dark-skirted night.

"It was the voice of the king; but now his form is gone. Unmark'd is your path in the air, ye children of the night. Often, like a reflected beam, are ye seen in the desert wild; but ye re-

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ghost of Cairbar, he foretels the death of Cathmor, by enumerating those signals which, according to the opinion of the times, preceded the death of a person renowned. It was thought that the ghosts of the deceased bards sung, for three nights preceding the death (near the place where his tomb was to be raised) round an unsubstantial figure which represented the body of the person who was to die.

tire in your blasts before our steps approach Go then, ye feeble race! knowledge with you there is none Your joys are weak, and like the dreams of our rest, or the light-winged thought that flies across the soul. Shall Cathmor soon be low? Darkly laid in his narrow house? Where no morning comes with her half-opened eyes? Away, thou shade! To fight is mine! All further thought away! I rush forth, on eagle wings, to seize my beam of fame. In the lonely vale of streams, abides the little‖

‖ From this passaage we learn in what extreme contempt an indolent and unwarlike life was held in those days of heroism. Whatever a philosopher may say, in praise of quiet and retirement, I am far from thinking but they weaken and debase the human mind. When the faculties of the soul are not exerted, they lose their vigour, and low and circumscribed notions take the place of noble and enlarged ideas. Action, on the contrary, and the vicissitudes of fortune which attend it, call forth, by turns, all the powers of the mind, and, by exercising, strengthen them. Hence it is, that in great and opulent states, when property and indolence are secured to individuals, we seldom meet with that strength of mind which is so common in a nation, not far advanced in civilization. It is a curious, but just observation, that great kingdoms seldom produce great characters, which must be altogether attributed to that indolence and dissipation, which are the inseparable companions of too much property and security. Rome, it is certain, had more real great men within it, when its power was confined within the narrow bounds of Latium, than when its

soul. Years roll on, seasons return, but he is still unknown. In a blast comes cloudy death, and lays his grey head low. His ghost is rolled on the vapour of the fenny field. Its coorse is never on hills, or mossy vales of wind. So shall not Cathmor depart. No boy in the field was he, who only marks the bed of roes, upon the echoing hills. My issuing forth was with kings, and my joy in dreadful plains: where broken hosts are rolled away, like seas before the wind."

So spoke the king of Alnecma, brightning in his rising soul: valour, like a pleasant flame, is gleaming within his breast. Stately is his stride on the heath: the beam of the east is poured around. He saw his grey host on the field, wide spreading their ridges in light. He rejoiced, like a spirit of heaven, whose steps come forth on his seas, when he beholds them peaceful round, and all the winds are laid. But soon he awakes the waves, and rolls them large to some echoing coast.

On the rushy bank of a stream, slept the daughter of Inis-huna. The helmet had fallen from her head. Her dreams were in the lands of her fathers. There morning was on the field: grey streams leapt down from the rocks: the breezes, in shadowy waves, fly over the rushy fields. There is the sound that prepares for the chase; and the moving of warriors from the

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dominion extended over all the known world; and one petty state of the Saxon heptarchy had, perhaps, as much genuine spirit in it, as the two British kingdoms united. As a state, we are much more powerful than our ancestors, but we would lose by comparing individuals with them.

hall. But tall above the rest is the hero o streamy Atha: he bends his eye of love on Sul malla, from his stately steps. She turns, wit pride, her face away, and careless bends th bow.

Such were the dreams of the maid when Atha' warrior came. He saw her fair face before him in the midst of her wandering locks. He knev the maid of Lumon. What should Cathmor do His sigh arose: his tears came down. But straigh he turned away. "This is no time, king o Atha, to wake thy secret soul. The battle i rolled before thee, like a troubled stream."

He struck that warning boss†, wherein dwel the voice of war. Erin rose around him like th sound of eagle-wings. Sul-malla started fron sleep, in her disordered locks. She seized th helmet from earth, and trembled in her place "Why should they know in Erin of the daugh ter of Inis-huna?" for she remembered the rac of kings, and the pride of her soul arose. He steps are behind a rock, by the blue-windin stream of a vale, where dwelt the dark brow hind ere yet the war arose. Thither came th voice of Cathmor, at times, to Sul-malla's ear Her soul is darkly sad; she pours her words o wind.

"The dreams of Inis-huna departed: the

† In order to understand this passage, it i necessary to look to the description of Cathmor' shield which the poet has given us in the seventh book. This shield had seven principal bosses the sound of each of which, when struck with a spear, conveyed a particular order from the kin to his tribes. The sound of one of them, as here was the signal for the army to assemble.

are rolled away from my soul. I hear not the chase in my land. I am concealed in the skirts of war. I look forth from my cloud, but no beam appears to light my path. I behold my warrior low; for the broad-shielded king is near; he that overcomes in danger; Fingal of the spears. Spirit of departed Con-mor, are thy steps on the bosom of winds? Comest thou, at times, to other lands, father of sad Sul-malla? Thou dost come, for I have heard thy voice at night: while yet I rose on the wave to streamy Inis-fail. The ghost of fathers, they say†, can seize the souls of their race, while they behold them lonely in the midst of wo. Call me, my father, when the king is low on earth; for then I shall be lonely in the midst of wo."

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† Con-mor, the father of Sul-malla, was killed in that war from which Cathmor delivered Inishuna. Lormar his son succeeded Con-mor. It was the opinion of the times, when a person was reduced to a pitch of misery, which could admit of no alleviation, that the ghosts of his ancestors called his soul away. This supernatural kind of death was called the voice of the dead; and is believed by the Highlanders to this day. This credulous disposition is to be attributed principally to the situation of the country they possess. As their business was the feeding of cattle, in dark and extensive deserts, so their journeys lay over wide and unfrequented heaths, where, often, they were obliged to sleep in the open air, amidst the whistling of winds, and roar of water-falls. The gloominess of the scenes around them was apt to beget that melancholy disposition of mind, which most readily receives impressions of the extraordinary and supernatural kind.

Temora:

AN

EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ossian, after a short address to the harp of Cona, describes the arrangement of both armies on either side of the river Lubar. Fingal gives the command to Fillan: but, at the same time, orders Gaul, the son of Morni, who had been wounded in the hand in the preceding battle, to assist him with his counsel. The army of the Firbolg is commanded by Foldath. The general onset is described. The great actions of Fillan. He kills Rothmar and Culmin. But when Fillan conquers in one wing, Foldath presses hard on the other. He wounds Dermid, the son of Duthno, and puts the whole wing to flight. Dermid deliberates with himself, and, at last, resolves to put a stop to the progress of Foldath, by engaging him in single combat. When the two chiefs were approaching towards one another, Fillan came suddenly

to the relief of Dermid; engaged Foldath, and killed him. The behaviour of Malthos towards the fallen Foldath. Fillan puts the whole army of the Firbolg to flight. The book closes with an address to Clatho, the mother of that hero.

BOOK V.

THOU dweller between the shields that hang on high in Ossian's hall! descend from thy place, O harp, and let me hear thy voice! Son of Alpin, strike the string; thou must awake the soul of the bard. The murmur of Lora's stream has rolled the tale away. I stand in the cloud of years: few are its openings towards the past, and when the vision comes it is but dim and dark. I hear thee, harp of Cona; my soul returns, like a breeze, which the sun brings back to the vale, where dwelt the lazy mist.

Lubar is bright before me, in the windings of its vale. On either side, on their hills, rise the tall forms of the kings; their people are poured around them, bending forward to their words; as if their fathers spoke descending from their winds. But the kings were like two rocks in the midst, each with its dark head of pines, when they are seen in the desert, above low-sailing mist. High on the face are streams, which spread their foam on blasts.

Beneath the voice of Cathmor poured Erin, like the sound of flame. Wide they came down to Lubar; before them is the stride of Foldath. But Cathmor retired to his hill, beneath his bending oaks. The tumbling of a stream is near the king: he lifts, at times, his gleaming spear. It was a flame to his people, in the midst of war. Near him stood the daughter of Con-mor, leaning on her rock. She did not rejoice over the strife: her soul delighted not in blood. A valley spreads green behind the hill, with its three blue-

streams. The sun is there in silence; and the dun mountain-roes come down. On these are turned the eyes of Inis-huna's white-bosomed maid.

Fingal beheld, on high, the son of Borbar-duthul: he saw the deep rolling of Erin, on the darkened plain. He struck that warning boss which bids the people obey; when he sends his chiefs before him, to the field of renown. Wide rose their spears to the sun; their echoing shields reply around. Fear, like a vapour, did not wind among the host: for he, the king, was near, the strength of streamy Morven. Gladness brightened the hero; we heard his words of joy.

"Like the coming forth of winds, is the sound of Morven's sons! They are mountain-waters determined in their course. Hence is Fingal renowned, and his name in other lands. He was not a lonely beam in danger; for your steps were always near. But never was I a dreadful form, in your presence darkened into wrath. My voice was no thunder to your ears: mine eye sent forth no death. When the haughty appeared, I beheld them not. They were forgot at my feasts: like mist they melted away. A young beam is before you; few are his paths to war. They are few, but he is valiant; defend my dark-haired son. Bring him back with joy. Hereafter he may stand alone. His form is like his fathers; his soul is a flame of their fire. Son of car-borne Morni, move behind the son of Clatho: let thy voice reach his ear, from the skirts of war. Not unobserved rolls battle, before thee breaker of the shields."

The king strode, at once, away to Cormul's lofty rock. As, slow, I lifted my steps behind, came forward the strength of Gaul. His shield hung loose on its thong; he spoke, in haste, to Ossian. "Bind, son of Fingal, this shield, bind

it high to the side of Gaul. The foe may behold it, and think I lift the spear. If I shall fall, let my tomb be hid in the field; for fall I must without my fame: mine arm cannot lift the steel. Let not Evirchoma hear it, to blush between her locks. Fillan, the mighty behold us: let us not forget the strife. Why should they come, from their hills, to aid our flying field?"

He strode onward, with the sound of his shield. My voice pursued him, as he went. "Can the son of Morni fall without his fame in Erin? But the deeds of the mighty forsake their souls of fire. They rush careless over the fields of renown: their words are never heard." I rejoiced over the steps of the chief: I strode to the rock of the king, where he sat in his wandering locks, amidst the mountain-wind.

In two dark ridges bend the hosts, towards each other, at Lubar. There Foldath rose a pillar of darkness: there brightened the youth of Fillan. Each with his spear in the stream, sent forth the voice of war. Gaul struck the shield of Morven: at once they plunge in battle. Steel poured its gleam on steel: like the fall of streams shone the field, when they mix their foam together, from two dark-browed rocks. Behold he comes, the son of fame; he lays the people low! Death sit on blasts around him! Warriors strew thy paths, O Fillan!

Kothmar, the shield of warriors, stood between two chinky rocks. Two oaks which winds had bent from high, spread their branches on either side. He rolls his darkening eyes on Fillan, and silent, shades his friends. Fingal saw the approaching fight; and all his soul arose. But as the stone of Loda‖ falls, shook, at once from

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‖ By the stone of Loda, as I have remarked in my notes on some other poems of Ossian, is

rocking Drumandard, when spirits heave the earth in their wrath; so fell blue-shielded Rothmar.

Near are the steps of Culmin; the youth came bursting into tears. Wrathful he cut the wind ere yet he mixed his strokes with Fillan. He had first bent the bow with Rothmar, at the roe of his own blue streams. There they had marked the place of the roe, as the sun-beam flew over the fern. Why, son of Cul-allin, dost thou rush on that beam of light? It is a fire that consumes. Youth of Strutha retire. Your fathers were no equal, in the glittering strife of the field.

The mother of Culmin remains in the hall she looks forth on blue-rolling Strutha. A whirl

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meant a place of worship among the Scandinavians. Ossian, in his many expeditions to Orkney and Scandinavia, became acquainted with some of the rites of the religion which prevailed in those countries, and frequently alludes to them in his poems. There are some ruins, and circular pales of stone, remaining still in Orkney, and the island of Shetland, which retain to this day, the name of Loda or Loden. They seem to have differed materially, in their construction, from those druidical monuments which remain in Britain and the western isles. The places of worship among the Scandinavians were originally rude and unadorned. In after ages, when they opened a communication with other nations, they adopted their manners, and built temples. That at Upsal, in Sweden, was amazingly rich and magnificent. Haquin, of Norway, built one near Drontheim, little inferior to the former; and it went always under the name of Loden.--Mallet, introduction a l'histoire de Dannemarc.

wind rises on the stream, dark-edding round the ghost of her son. His dogs† are howling in their place: his shield is bloody in the hall. "Art thou fallen, my fair-haired son, in Erin's dismal war!"

As a roe, pierced in secret, lies panting, by her wonted streams, the hunter looks over her feet of wind, and remembers her stately bounding before, so lay the son of Cul-allin beneath the eye of Fillan. His hair is rolled in a little stream: his blood wandered on his shield. Still his hand held the sword, that failed him in the day of his danger. "Thou art fallen," said Fillan, "ere yet thy fame was heard. Thy father sent thee to war: and he expects to hear thy deeds. He is grey, perhaps, at his streams, turning his dim eyes towards Moi-lena But thou shalt not return, with the spoil of the fallen foe."

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† Dogs were thought to be sensible of the death of their master, let it happen at ever so great a distance. It was also the opinion of the times, that the arms which warriors left at home became bloody, when they themselves fell in battle. It was from those signs that Cul-allin is supposed to understand that her son is killed; in which she is confirmed by the appearance of his ghost. Her sudden and short exclamation, on the occasion, is more affecting than if she had extended her complaints to a greater length. The attitude of the fallen youth, and Fillan's reflections over him, are natural and judicious, and come forcibly back on the mind when we consider, that the supposed situation of the father of Culmin, was so similar to that of Fingal, after the death of Fillan himself.

Fillan poured the flight of Erin before him, o
the echoing heath. But, man on man, fell M
ven before the dark-red-rage of Foldath; for,
on the field, he poured the roar of half his trib
Dermid stood before him in his wrath: the s
of Cona gather round. But his shield is cleft
Foldath, and his people poured over the heath.

Then said the foe, in his pride, "They ha
fied, and my fame begins. Go, Malthos, and
the king to guard the dark-rolling of ocean; th
Fingal may not escape from my sword. He mu
lie on earth. Beside some fen shall his tomb
seen. It shall rise without a song. His gho
shall hover in mist over the reedy pool!"

Malthos heard, with darkening doubt; he roll
his silent eyes. He knew the pride of Foldat
and looked up to the king on his hill; then, dar
ly turning, he plunged his sword in war.

In Clono's† narrow vale, where bend tw

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† This valley had its name from Clono, s
of Lethmal of Lora, one of the ancestors
Dermid, the son of Duthno. His history is th
related in an old poem. In the days of Cona
the son of Trenmor, the first king of Irelan
Clono passed over into that kingdom, from Cale
donia, to aid Conar against the Firbolg. Bein
remarkable for the beauty of his person, he soo
drew the attention of Sulmin, the young wife
an Irish chief. She disclosed her passion, whic
was not properly returned by the Caledonia
The lady sickened, through disappointment, an
her love for Clono came to the ears of her hus
band. Fired with jealousy, he vowed revenge
Clono, to avoid his rage, departed from Temor
in order to pass over into Scotland; and bein
benighted in the valley mentioned here, he la

ees above the streams, dark in his grief stood uthno's silent son. The blood poured from is thigh: his shield lay broken near. His spear aned against a stone. Why, Dermid, why so id? "I hear the roar of battle. My people re alone. My steps are slow on the heath; and

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im down to sleep, "There, Lethmal descend- d in the dreams of Clona: and told him that anger was near."

GHOST of LETHMAL. "Arise from thy ed of moss; son of low-laid Lethmal, arise! The sound of the coming of foes descends along he wind.

CLONO. Whose voice is that, like many streams, in the season of my rest?

GHOST of LETHMAL. Arise, thou dweller of the souls of the lovely; son of Lethmal, arise!

CLONO. How dreary is the night! The moon is darkened in the sky: red are the paths of ghosts, along its sullen face! Green-skirted meteors set around. Dull is the roaring of streams, from the valley of dim forms. I hear thee, spirit of my father, on the eddying course of the wind. I hear thee, but thou bendest not forward, thy tall form, from the skirts of night."

As Clono prepared to depart, the husband of Sulmin came up, with his numerous attendants. Clono defended himself, but, after a gallant resistance, he was overpowered and slain. He was buried in the place where he was killed, and the valley was called after his name. Dermid, in his request to Gaul the son of Morni, which immediately follows this paragraph, alludes to the tomb of Clono, and his own connection with that unfortunate chief.

no shield is mine, Shall he then prevail? T
then after Dermid is low! I will call thee for
O Foldath! and meet thee yet in fight."

He took his spear, with dreadful joy, T
son of Morni came. "Stay, son of Duthno, s
thy speed; thy steps are marked with blo
No bossy shield is thine. Why shouldest th
fall unarmed?" "King of Strumon, give th
thy shield. It has often rolled back the war.
shall stop the chief, in his course. Son of Mor
dost thou behold that stone? It lifts its grey he
through grass. There dwells a chief of the n
of Dermid. Place me there in night."

He slowly rose against the hill, and saw t
troubled field. The gleaming ridges of the figh
disjoined and broken round. As distant fir
on heath by night, now seem as lost in smok
then rearing their red streams on the hill,
blow or cease the winds: so met the intermitti
war the eye of broad-shielded Dermid. Throu
the host are the strides of Foldath, like son
dark ship on wintry waves, when it issu
from between two isles, to sport on echoi
seas.

Dermid, with rage, beheld his course. I
strove to rush along. But he failed in the mid
of his steps; and the big tear came down. H
sounded his father's horn; and thrice struck h
bossy shield. He called thrice the name o
Foldath, from his roaring tribes. Foldath, wit
joy, beheld the chief: he lifted high his blood
spear As a rock is marked with streams, thi
fell troubled down its side in a storm; so streak
ed with wandering blood, is the dark form o
Mona. The host, on either side, withdrew
from the contending of kings. They raised, a
once, their gleaming points. Rushing cam
Fillan of Moruth. Three paces back Foldat
withdrew; dazzled with that beam of ligh

ich came, as issuing from a cloud, to save the unded hero. Growing in his pride he stood, d called forth all his steel.

As meet two broad-winged eagles, in their unding strife, on the winds; so rushed the two iefs, on Moi-lena, into gloomy fight. By rns are the steps of the kings forward on their cks; for now the dusky war seems to descend their swords. Cathmor feels the joy of war-rs, on his mossy hill; their joy in secret when ngers rise equal to their souls His eye is not rned on Lubar, but on Morven's dreadful king; r he beheld him, on Mora, rising in his arms. Foldath fell on his shield; the spear of Fillan erced the king. Not looked the youth on the llen, but onward rolled the war. The hundred ices of death arose. "Stay, son of Fingal, ay thy speed! Beholdest thou not that gleam-g form, a dreadful sign of death? Awaken t the king of Alnecma. Return son of blue-ed Clatho!"

Malthos saw Foldath low. He darkly stood ove the king. Hatred was rolled from his soul. e seemed a rock in the desert, on whose dark de are the trickling of waters, when the slow-ling mist has left it, and its trees are blessed ith winds He spoke to the dying hero, about he narrow house. "Whether shall thy grey stone se in Ullin? or in Moma's‖ woody land, where

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‖ Moma was the name of a country in the outh of Connaught, once famous for being the esidence of an arch-druid. The cave of Moma as thought to be inhabited by the spirits of the hiefs of the Firbolg, and their posterity sent to nquire there, as to an oracle, concerning the ssue of their wars.

the sun looks, in secret, on the blue stream
Dal-rutho? There are the steps of thy daugh
blue eyed Dardu-lena."

"Rememberest thou her," said Foldath, "
cause no son is mine; no youth to roll the ba
before him, in revenge of me? Malthos, I
revenged. I was not peaceful in the field. R
the tombs of those I have slain, around my r
row house. Often shall I forsake the blast,
rejoice above their graves; when I behold th
spread around, with their long-whistling gra

His soul rushed to the vales of Moma,
came to Dardu-lena's dreams, where she sl
by Dal-rutho's stream, returning from the ch
of the hinds. Her bow is near the maid,
strung; the breezes fold her long hair on
breasts. Clothed in the beauty of youth,
love of heroes lay. Dark bending, from
skirts of the wood, her wounded father ca
He appeared, at times, then seemed as hid
mist. Bursting into tears she rose: she kn
that the chief was low. To her came a he
from his soul when folded in its storms. T
wert the last of his race, blue-eyed Dardu-le

Wide-spreading over echoing Lubar, the fli
of Bolga is rolled along. Filian hung forw
on their steps; and strewed, with dead, the he
Fingal rejoiced over his son. Blue-shield Ca
mor rose.

Son of Alpin, bring the harp: give Fill
praise to the wind: raise high his praise, in
hall, while yet he shines in war.

Leave, blue-eyed Clatho, leave thy hall. Beh
that early beam of thine. The host is withe
in its course. No farther look---it is dark. Li
trembling from the harp, strike, virgins, sti
the sound. No hunter he descends, from
dewy haunt of the bounding roe. He bends
his bow on the wind; or sends his grey ar
abroad.

Deep-folded in red war, the battle rolls against
s side. Or, striding midst the ridgy strife, he
urs the deaths of thousands forth. Fillan is
e a spirit of heaven, that descends from the
irt of his blast. The troubled ocean feels his
ps, as he strides from wave to wave. His
th kindles behind him; islands shake their
ads on the heaving seas.

Temora:

AN

EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

This book opens with a speech of Fingal, w
sees Cathmor descending to the assistance
his flying army The king dispatches Oss
to the relief of Fillan He himself retires
hind the rock of Cormu, to avoid the sight
the engagement between his son and Cathm
Ossian advanc s. The descent of Cathn
described. He rallies the army, renews
battle, and, before Ossian could arrive, enga
Fillan himself. Upon the approach of Ossian,
combat between the two heroes ceases. Oss
and Cathmor prepare to fight but night co
ing on prevents them. Ossian returns to
place where Cathmor and Fillan fought.
finds Fillan mortally wounded, and lean
against a rock. Their discourse Fillan di
his body is laid, by Ossian, in a neighbour
cave. The Caledonian army return to Fin
He questions them about his son, and unc

standing that he was killed, retires, in silence, to the rock of Cormul. Upon the retreat of the army of Fingal, the Firbolg advance. Cathmor finds Bran, one of the dogs of Fingal, lying on the shield of Fillan, before the entrance of the cave, where the body of that hero lay. His reflections thereupon. He returns, in melancholy mood, to his army. Malthos endeavours to comfort him, by the example of his father Borbar-duthul. Cathmor retires to rest. The song of Sul-malla concludes the book, which ends about the middle of the third night, from the opening of the poem.

BOOK VI.

"CATHMOR rises on his echoing hill! Shall Fingal take the sword of Luno? But what should become of thy fame, son of white-bosomed Clatho? Turn not thine eyes from Fingal, daughter of Inistore. I shall not quench thy early beam, it shines along my soul. But rise, O wood-skirted Mora, rise between the war and me! Why should Fingal behold the strife, lest his dark-haired warrior should fall! Amidst the song, O Carril, pour the sound of the trembling harp; here are the voices of rocks, and bright tumbling of waters. Father of Oscar, lift the spear; defend the young in arms. Conceal thy steps from Fillan's eyes. He must not know that I doubt his steel. No cloud of mine shall rise, my son, upon thy soul of fire!"

He sunk behind his rock, amidst the sound of Carril's song. Brightening, in my growing soul, I took the spear of Temora. I saw, along Moilena, the wild tumbling of battle, the strife of death, in gleaming rows, disjoined and broken round. Fillan is a beam of fire. From wing to wing is his wasteful course. The ridges of war

melt before him. They are rolled, in smok
from the fields.

Now is the coming forth of Cathmor, in tl
armour of kings! Dark-rolled the eagle's wi
above his helmet of fire. Unconcerned are h
steps, as if they were to the chase of Atha. I
raised at times, his dreadful voice; Erin, abashe
gathered round. Their souls returned back, lil
a stream; they wondered at the steps of the
fear: for he rose, like the beam of the mornin
on a haunted heath: the traveller looks baci
with bending eye, on the field of dreadful form
Sudden, from the rock of Moi-lena, are Sul-ma
la's trembling steps. An oak took the spe
from her hands; half-bent she loosed the lance
but then are her eyes on the king, from amids
her wandering locks. "No friendly strife
before thee: no light contending of bows, as whe
the youth of Cluba* came forth beneath the ey
of Con-mor."

As the rock of Runo, which takes the passin
clouds for its robe, seems growing, in gathere
darkness, over the streamy heath; so seemed th
chief of Atha, taller, as gathered his people roun
As different blasts fly over the sea, each behin
its dark-blue wave, so Cathmor's words, on ever
side, poured his warriors forth. Nor silent o
his hill is Fillan; he mixed his words with hi
echoing shield. An eagle he seemed, with sound
ing wings, calling the wind to his rock, when h

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* Clu-ba, 'winding bay;' an arm of the se
in Inis-huna, or the western coast of Sout
Britain. It was in this bay that Cathmor wa
wind-bound when Sul-malla came in the disguis
of a young warrior, to accompany him in hi
voyage to Ireland.

es the coming forth of the roes, on Lutha's ishy field. Now they bent forward in battle: ath's hundred voices rose; for the kings on ther side, were like fires on the souls of the peole. I bounded along: high rocks and trees shed tall between the war and me. But I eard the noise of steel, between my clanging arms. ising, gleaming, on the hill, I beheld the backards steps of hosts: their backward steps, on ther side, and wildly looking eyes. The chiefs ere met in dreadful fight; the two blue-shielded kings. Tall and dark through gleams of steel, re seen the st iving heroes. I rushed. My fears or Fillan flew, burning across my soul

I came; nor Cathmor fled; nor yet advanced: e sidelong stalked along. An icy rock, cold, all he seemed. I called forth all my steel. Sient awhile we strode, on either side of a rushg stream: then, sudden turning, all at once, e raised our pointed spears. We raised our pears, but night came down. It is dark and ilent around, but where the dis.ant steps of osts are sounding over the heath.

I came to the place where Fillan fought. Nor voice nor sound is there. A broken helet lay on earth; a buckler cleft in twain. Where, Fillan, where art thou, young chief of choing Morven?" He heard me, leaning against rock, which bent its grey head over the stream. He heard; but sullen, dark he stood. At length saw the chief.

"Why standest thou, robed in darkness, son f woody Selma? Bright is thy path, my brother, this dark-brown field. Long has been thy trife in battle. Now the horn of Fingal is eard. Ascend to the cloud of thy father, to is hill of feasts. In the evening mist he sits, nd hears the voice of Carril's harp. Carry joy o the aged, young breaker of the shields."

"Can the vanquished carry joy! Ossian, shield is mine. It lies broken on the fie The eagle-wing of my helmet is torn. It when foes fly before them that fathers delig in their sons. But their sighs burst forth screet, when their young warriors yield. N Fillan will not behold the king. Why shou the hero mourn?"

"Son of blue-eyed Clatho, why dost th awake my soul? Wert thou not a burning f before him; and shall he not rejoice? Such fa belonged not to Ossian; yet was the king s a sun to me. He looked on my steps with jo shadows never rose on his face. Ascend, Fillan, to Mora: his feast is spread in the fo of mist."

"Ossian, give me that broken shield: the feathers that are rolled in the wind. Place the near to Fillan, that less of his fame may f Ossian, I begin to fail. Lay me in that holl rock. Raise no stone above: lest one sho ask about my fame. I am fallen in the first my fields: fallen without renown. Let t voice alone send joy to my flying soul. W should the feeble know where dwells the l beam of Clatho?"

"Is thy spirit on the eddying winds, blue-ey king of shields? Jo pursue my hero, throu his folded clouds. The forms of thy fathers, Fillan, bend to receive their son. I behold t spreading of their fire on Mora! the blue r ing of their misty wreaths. Joy meet thee, brother! But we are dark and sad. I beh the foe round the aged, and the wasting aw of his fame. Thou art left alone in the fie grey-haired king of Selma."

I laid him in the hollow rock, at the roar the nightly stream. One red star looked in the hero: winds lift, at times, his locks.

istencd: no sound was heard: for the warrior slept. As lightning on a cloud, a thought came rushing over my soul. My eyes rolled in fire; my stride was in the clang of steel. "I will find thee, chief of Atha in the gathering of thy thousands. Why should that cloud escape, that quenched our early beam? Kindle your meteors, my fathers, to light my daring steps. I will consume in wrath.†—Should I not return! the king is without a son, grey-haired amidst his foes. His arm is not as in the days of old: his fame grows dim in Erin. Let me not behold him from high, laid low in his latter field. But can I return to the king? Will he not ask about his son? "Thou oughtest to defend young Fillan." I will meet the foe. Green Inis-fail, thy sounding tread is pleasant to my ear: I rush on thy ridgy host, to shun the eyes of Fingal. I hear the voice of the king, on Mora's misty top! He calls his two sons: I come, my father, in my grief. I come like an eagle, which the flame of night met in the desert, and spoiled of half his wings."

Distant, round the king, on Mora, the broken

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† Here the sentence is designedly left unfinished by the poet. The sense is, that he was resolved, like a destroying fire, to consume Cathmor, who had killed his brother. In the midst of this resolution, the situation of Fingal suggests itself to him, in a very strong light. He resolves to return to assist the king in prosecuting the war. But then his shame for not defending his brother, recurs to him. He is determined again to go and find out Cathmor. We may consider him, as in the act of advancing towards the enemy, when the horn of Fingal sounded on Mora, and called back his people to his presence.

ridges of Morven are rolled. They turned the eyes; each darkly bends, on his own ashen spea Silent stood the king in the midst. Thought thought rolled over his soul. As waves on secret mountain lake, each with its back of foar He looked; no son appeared, with his lon beaming spear. The sighs rose, crowding fro his soul; but he concealed his grief. At lengt I stood beneath an oak. No voice of mine w heard. What could I say to Fingal in his ho of wo? His words rose, at length, in the midst the people shrunk backward as he spoke ||.

"Where is the son of Selma, he who led i war? I behold not his steps, among my people returning from the field. Fell the young bound ing roe, who was so stately on my hills? He fell for ye are silent. The shield of war is broke Let his armour be near to Fingal; and the swor of dark-brown Luno. I am waked on m hills: With morning I descend to war."

High on Cormul's rock, an oak flamed to th wind. The grey skirts of mist are rolled around thither strode the king in his wrath. Distan from the host he always lay, when battle burned

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||The abashed behaviour of the army of Finga proceeds rather from shame than fear. The king was not of a tyrannical disposition: He, as he professes himself in the fifth book, "never was a dreadful form, in their presence, darkened into wrath. His voice was no thunder to their ears: his eye sent forth no death." The first ages of society are not the times of arbitrary power. As the wants of mankind are few, they retain their independence. It is an advanced state of civilization that moulds the mind to that submission to government, of which ambitious magistrates take advantage, and raise themselves into absolute power.

within his soul. On two spears hung his shield on high; the gleaming sign of death; that shield which he was wont to strike, by night, before he rushed to war. It was then his warriors knew, when the king was to lead in strife; for never was this buckler heard, till Fingal's wrath arose. Unequal were his steps on high, as he shone in the beam of the oak; he was dreadful as the form of the spirit of night, when he clothes, on hills, his wild gestures with mist, and issuing forth, on the troubled ocean, mounts the car of winds.

Nor settled, from the storm, is Erin's sea of war; they glittered beneath the moon, and, low-humming, still rolled on the field. Alone are the steps of Cathmor, before them on the heath; he hung forward, with all his arms, on Morven's flying host. Now had he come to the mossy cave, where Fillan lay in night. One tree was bent above the stream which glittered over the rock. There shone to the moon the broken shield of Clatho's son; and near it, on grass, lay hairy-footed Bran. He had missed the chief on Mora, and searched him along the wind. He thought that the blue-eyed hunter slept; he lay upon his shield. No blast came over the heath, unknown to bounding Bran.

Cathmor saw the white-breasted dog; he saw the broken shield. Darkness is blown back on his soul; he remembers the failing away of the people. "They come, a stream; are rolled away; another race succeeds. But some mark the fields, as they pass, with their own mighty names. The heath, through dark-brown years, is theirs; some blue stream winds to their fame. Of these be the chief of Atha, when he lays him down on earth. Often may the voice of future times meet Cathmor in the air; when he strides

from wind to wind, or folds himself in the wi
of a storm."

Green Erin gathered round the king, to he
the voice of his power. Their joyful faces ben
unequal, forward, in the light of the oak. The
who were terrible were removed: Lubar† wind
again in their host. Cathmor was that bea
from heaven which shone when his people we
dark. He was honoured in the midst. The
souls rose trembling around. The king alone n
gladness shewed; no stranger he to war!

"Why, is the king so sad?" said Maltho
eagle-eyed: "Remains there a foe at Lubar
Lives there among them who can lift the spear
Not so peaceful was thy father, Borbar-duthul
sovereign of spears. His rage was a fire tha
always burned: his joy over fallen foes wa
great. Three days feasted the grey-haired he
ro, when he heard that Calmar fell: Calmar
who aided the race of Ullin, from Lara of th

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† In order to illustrate this passage, it is pro
per to lay before the reader the scene of the tw
preceding battles. Between the hills of Mora an
Lona lay the plain of Moi-lena, through whic
ran the river Lubar. The first batt'e, wherei
Gaul, the son of Morni, commanded on th
Caledonian side, was fought on the banks of Lu-
bar. As there was little advantage obtained, o
either side, the armies, after the battle, retained
their former positions.

In the second battle, wherein Fillan command-
ed, the Irish, after the fall of Foldath, were dri-
ven up the hill of Lona; but, upon the coming
of Cathmor to their aid, they regained their for-
mer situation, and drove back the Caledonians,
in their turn: so that Lubar winded again in
their host.

streams. Often did he feel, with his hands, the steel which, they said, had pierced his foe. He felt it with his hands, for Borbar-duthul's eyes had failed. Yet was the king a sun to his friends; a gale to lift their branches round. Joy was around him in his halls: he loved the sons of Bolga. His name remains in Atha, like the awful memory of ghosts, whose presence was terrible, but they blew the storm away. Now let the voices of Erin raise the soul of the king; he that shone when war was dark, and laid the mighty low. Fonar, from that grey-browed rock, pour the tale of other times: pour it on wide-skirted Erin, as it settles round."

"To me," said Cathmor, "no song shall rise: nor Fonar sit on the rock of Lubar. The mighty there are laid low. Disturb not their rushing ghosts. Far, Malthos, far remove the sound of Erin's song. I rejoice not over the foe, when he ceases to lift the spear. With morning we pour our strength abroad. Fingal is wakened on his echoing hill."

Like waves, blown back by sudden winds, Erin retired, at the voice of the king. Deep-rolled into the field of night, they spread their humming tribes: Beneath his own tree, at intervals, each bard sat down with his harp. They raised the song, and touched the string: each to the chief he loved. Before a burning oak Sul-malla touched, at times, the harp. She touched the harp and heard, between, the breezes in her hair. In darkness near, lay the king of Atha, beneath an aged tree. The beam of the oak was turned from him; he saw the maid, but was not seen. His soul poured forth, in secret, when he beheld her tearful eye. "But battle is before thee, son of Borbar-duthul."

Amidst the harp, at intervals, she listened whether the warriors slept. Her soul was up;

she longed, in secret, to pour her own sad song. The field is silent. On their wings, the blasts of night retire. The bards had ceased, and meteors came, red winding with their ghosts. The sky grew dark; the forms of the dead were blended with the clouds. But heedless bends the daughter of Con-mor, over the decaying flame. Thou wert alone in her soul, car-borne chief of Atha. She raised the voice of the song, and touched the harp between.

Clun-galo‖ came; she missed the maid. "Where art thou, beam of light? Hunters from the mossy rock, saw you the blue-eyed fair? Are her steps on grassy Lumon; near the bed of roes? Ah me! I behold her bow in the hall. Where art thou, beam of light?"

"Cease†, love of Con-mor, cease; I hear thee not on the ridgy heath. My eye is turned to the king, whose path is terrible in war. He for whom my soul is up, in the season of my rest. Deep-bosomed in war he stands, he beholds me not from his cloud. Why, sun of Sul-malla, dost thou not look forth? I dwell in darkness here: wide over me flies the shadowy mist. Filled with dew are my locks: look thou from thy cloud, O sun of Sul-malla's soul!" * *

‖ Clun-galo, the wife of Conmor, king of Inis-huna, and the mother of Sul-malla. She is here represented, as missing her daughter, after she had fled with Cathmor.

† Sul-malla replies to the supposed questions of her mother. Towards the middle of this paragraph she calls Cathmor the sun of her soul, and continues the metaphor throughout.

Temora:

AN

EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

This book begins about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem. The poet describes a kind of mist, which rose, by night, from the lake of Lego, and was the usual residence of the souls of the dead, during the interval between their decease and the funeral song. The appearance of the ghost of Fillan above the cave where his body lay. His voice comes to Fingal, on the rock of Cormul. The king strikes the shield of Trenmor, which was an infallible sign of his appearing in arms himself. The extraordinary effect of the sound of the shield. Sul-malla, starting from sleep, awakes Cathmor. Their affecting discourse. She insists with him, to sue for peace; he resolves to continue the war. He directs her to retire to the neighbouring valley of Lona, which was the residence of an old druid, until the battle of the next day should be over. He

awakes his army with the sound of his shield The shield described. Fonar, the bard, a the desire of Cathmor, relates the first settlement of the Firbolg in Ireland, under thei leader Larthon. Morning comes. Sul-mall retires to the valley of Lona. A lyric song concludes the book.

BOOK VII.

FROM the wood-skirted waters of Lego, ascend, at times, grey-bosomed mists, when the gates of the west are closed on the sun's eagle-eye. Wide, over Lara's stream, is poured the vapour dark and deep: the moon, like a dim shield, is swimming through its folds. With this, clothe the spirits of old their sudden gestures on the wind, when they stride, from blast to blast, along the dusky face of the night. Often blended with the gale, to some warrior's grave they roll the mist, a grey dwelling to his ghost, until the songs arise.

A sound came from the desert; the rushing course of Conar in winds. He poured his deep mist on Fillan, at blue-winding Lubar. Dark and mournful sat the ghost, bending in his grey ridge of smoke. The blast, at times, rolled him together: but the lovely form returned again. It returned with slow-bending eyes: and dark winding of locks of mist.

It was dark. The sleeping host were still, in the skirts of night. The flame decayed on the hill of Fingal; the king lay lonely on his shield. His eyes were half-closed in sleep; the voice of Fillan came. "sleeps the bard of Clatho? Does the father of the fallen in rest? Am I lone, in the folds of darkness; lonely in the season of dreams?"

"Why art thou in the midst of my dreams," said Fingal? as, sudden, he rose. "Can I forget

thee, my son, or thy path of fire in the field? Not such, on the soul of the king, come the deeds of the mighty in arms. They are not there a beam of lightning, which is seen, and is then no more. I remember thee, O Fillan! and my wrath begins to rise."

The king took his deathful spear, and struck the deeply sounding shield: his shield that hung high on night, the dismal sign of war! Ghosts fled on every side, and rolled their gathered forms on the wind. Thrice from the winding vale arose the voice of deaths. The harps of the bards, untouched, sound mournful over the hill.

He struck again the shield: battles rose in the dreams of his host. The wide-tumbling strife is gleaming over their souls. Blue-shielded kings descend to war. Backward looking armies fly; and mighty deeds are half-hid, in the bright gleams of steel.

But when the third sound arose; deer started from the cliffs of their rocks. The screams of fowl are heard, in the desert, as each flew, frighted, on his blast. The sons of Albion half-rose, and half-assumed their spears. But silence rolled back on the hosts: they knew the shield of the king. Sleep returned to their eyes: the field was dark and still.

No sleep was thine in darkness, blue-eyed daughter of Con-mor! Sul-malla heard the dreadful shield and rose, amidst the night. Her steps are towards the king of Atha. "Can danger shake his daring soul!" In doubt, she stands with bending eyes. Heaven burns with all its stars.

Again the shield resounds! She rushed. She stopt. Her voice half-rose. It failed. She saw him, amidst his arms, that gleamed to heaven's fire. She saw him dim in his locks, that rose to nightly wind. Away, for fear, she turned her

steps. "Why should the king of Erin awake Thou art not a dream to his rest, daughter o Inis-huna."

More dreadful rung the shield. Sul-mall starts. Her helmet falls. Loud-echoed Lubar rock, as over it rolled the steel. Bursting fro the dreams of night, Cathmor half-rose, beneat his tree. He saw the form of the maid, abov him, on the rock A red star with twinklin beam, looked down through her floating hair.

"Who comes through night to Cathmor, i the dark season of his dreams? Bringest tho ought of war? Who art thou, son of night Standest toou before me, a form of times of old A voice from the fold of a cloud, to warn me o Erin's danger?"

"Nor traveller of night am I, nor voice fro folded cloud: but I warn thee of the danger o Erin. Dost thou hear that sound? It is not th fech e, king of Atha, that rolls his signs o night."

"Let the warrior roll his signs; to Cathmo they are the sound of harps. My joy is great voice of night, and burns over all my thought This is the music of kings, on lonely hills, b night; when they light their daring souls, th sons of mighty deeds!-The feeble dwell alone in the valley of the breeze; where mists lift thei morning skirts, from the blue-winding streams.

"Not feeble, thou leader of he oes, were they the fathers of my race. They dwelt in the dark ness of battle: in their distant lands. Yet delight not my soul, in the signs of death! He, wh never yields, comes forth: Awake the bard o peace!"

Like a rock with its rickling waters, stoo Cathmor in his tears. Her voice came, a breeze on his soul, and waked the memory of her land

here she dwelt by her peaceful streams, before e came to the war of Con-mor.

" Daughter of strangers," he said; (she trembling turned away) " long have I marked in her mour, the young pine of Inis-huna. But my ul, I said; is folded in a storm. Why should hat beam arise, till my steps return in peace? lave I been pale in thy presence, when thou idst me to fear the king? The time of danger, maid, is the season of my soul; for then it wells, a mighty stream, and rolls me on the oe.

" Beneath the moss-covered rock of Lona, ear his own winding stream: grey in his locks f age, dwells Clonmal king of harps. Above im is his echoing oak, and the dun-bounding of oes. The noise of our strife reaches his ear, as e bends in the thoughts of years. There let hy rest be, Sul-malla, until our battle cease. Until I return, in my arms, from the skirts of he evening mist that rises, on Lona, round the dwelling of my love."

A light fell on the soul of the maid: it rose kindled before the king. She turned her face to Cathmor: her locks are struggling with winds. " Sooner shall the eagle of heaven be torn from the streams of his roaring wind, when he sees the dun prey before him, the young sons of the bounding roe, than thou, O Cathmor beturned from the strife of renown. Soon may I see the warrior, from the skirts of the evening mist, when it is rolled around me, on Lona of the streams. While yet thou art distant far, strike, Cathmor strike, the shield, that joy may return to my darkened soul, as I lean on the mossy rock. But if thou should fall—I am in the land of strangers; O send thy voice, from thy cloud, to the maid of Inis-huna!"

" Young branch of green-headed Lumon, why

dost thou shake in the storm? Often has Cat mor returned, from darkly-rolling wars. T. darts of death are but hail to me; they have o ten bounded from my shield. I have ris brightened from battle, like a meteor from stormy cloud. Return not, fair beam, from th vale, when the roar of battle grows. The might the foe escape, as from my fathers o old.

" They told to Son-mor, of Clunar, slain b Cormac the giver of shells. Three days dar ened Son-mor, over his brother's fall. H spouse beheld the silent king, and foresaw h steps to war. She prepared the bow, in secre to attend her blue-shielded hero. To her dwe darkness at Atha, when the warrior moved t his fields. From their hundred streams, b night, poured down the sons of Alnecma. The had heard the shield of the king, and their rag arose. In clanging arms, they moved along, to wards Ullin the land of groves. Son-mor struc his shield, at times, the leader of the war.

" Far behind followed Sul-allin, over th streamy hills. She was a light on the mountai when they crossed the vale below. Her step were stately on the vale, when they rose on th mossy hill. She feared to approach the king who left her in Atha of hinds. But when th roar of battle rose; when host was rolled o host; when Son-mor burnt like the fire of hea ven in clouds, with her spreading hair came Sul allin; for she trembled for her king. He stop the rushing strife to save the love of heroes The foe fled by night; Clunar slept without his blood; the blood which ought to be poured upon the warrior's tomb.

" Nor rose the rage of Son-mor, but his days were dark and slow. Sul-allin wandered, by her grey streams, with her tearful eyes. Often did

he look, on the hero, when he was folded in is thoughts. But she shrunk from his eyes, nd turned her lone steps away. Battles rose ke n tempest, and drove the mist from his oul. He beheld, with joy, her steps in the hall, nd the white rising of her hands on the harp."

In† his arms strode the chief of Atha, to where his shield hung, high, in night: high on mossy bough, over Lubar's streamy roar. Seven bosses rose on the shield, the seven voices of he king, which his warriors received, from the wind, and marked over all their tribes.

On each boss is placed a star of night; Cannathon with beams unshorn: Col-derna rising from a cloud: Ul-oicho robed in mist; and the soft beam of Cathlin glittering on a rock. Fair-gleaming, on its own blue wave, Reldurath half-sinks its western light. The red eye of Berthin looks, through a grove, on the slow-moving hunter, as he returns through showery night, with the spoils of the bounding roe. Wide in the midst, arose the cloudless beams of Ton-thena; Ton-thena, which looked, by night, on the course of the sea-tossed Larthon: Larthon,

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† To avoid multiplying notes, I shall give here the signification of the names of the stars engraved on the shield. Cean-mathon, 'head of the bear,' Col-derna, 'slant and sharp beam.' Ul-oicho, 'ruler of night.' Cathlin, 'beam of the wave.' Reu-durath, 'star of the twilight.' Berthin, 'fire of the hill.' Ton-thena, 'meteor of the waves.' These etymologies, excepting that of Cean-mathon, are pretty exact. Of it I am not so certain; for it is not very probable that the Firbolg had distinguished a constellation, so very early as the days of Larthon, by the name of the bear.

the first of Bolga's race, who travelled on t winds†. White-bosomed spread the sails of t king, towards streamy Inis-fail; dun night w rolled before him, with its skirts of mist. Th winds were changeful in heaven, and rolled hi from wave to wave. Then rose the fiery-haire Ton-thena, and laughed from her parted clou Larthon rejoiced at the guiding beam, as it fain gleamed on the tumbling waters.

Beneath the spear of Cathmor, awaked th voice which awakes the bards. They cam dark-winding, from every side; each with th sound of his harp. Before them rejoiced th king, as the traveller, in the day of the sun when he hears, far rolling around, the murmu of mossy streams; streams that burst in the de sert, from the rock of roes.

"Why," said Fonar, "hear we the voice o the king, in the season of his rest? Were th dim forms of thy fathers bending in thy dreams Perhaps they stand on that cloud, and wait fo Fonar's song; often they come to the field where their sons are to lift the spear. Or shal our voice arise for him who lifts the spear n more; he that consumed the field, from Mom of the groves?"

"Not forgot is that cl ud in war, bard o other times. High shall his tomb rise, on Moi lena, the dwelling of renown. But, now, rol back my soul to the times of my fathers; t the years when first they rose, on Inis-huna's waves. Nor alone pleasant to Cathmor is the remembrance of wood-covered Lumon. Lumon the land of streams, the dwelling of white bosomed maids."

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† To travel on the winds, a poetical expressio for sailing.

" Lumon of foamy streams, thou risest on Fonar's soul ! Thy sun is on thy side, on the rocks of thy bending trees. The dun roe is seen from thy furze: the deer lifts his branchy head ; for he sees, at times, the hound, on the half-covered heath. Slow, on the vale, are the steps of maids ; the white-armed daughters of the bow : they lift their blue-eyes to the hill, from amidst their wandering locks. Not there is the stride of Larthon, chief of Inis-huna. He mounts the wave on his own dark oak, in Cluba's ridgy bay. That oak which he cut from Lumon, to bound along the sea. The maids turn their eyes away, lest the king should be lowly laid ; for never had they seen a ship, dark rider of the wave!

" Now he dares to call the winds, and to mix with the mist of ocean. Blue Inis-fail rose, in smoke: but dark-skirted night came down. The sons af Bolga feared. The fiery-haired Ton-thena rose. Culbin's bay received the ship, in the bosom of its echoing woods. There, issued a stream, from Duthuma's horrid cave; where spirits gleamed, at times, with their half-finished forms.

" Dreams descended on Larthon: he saw seven spirits of his fathers. He heard their half-formed words, and dimly beheld the times to come. He beheld the king of Atha, the sons of future days. They led their hosts, along the field, like ridges of mist, which winds pour, in autumn, over Atha of the groves.

" Larthon raised the hall of Samla, to the soft sound of the harp. He went forth to the roes of Erin, to their wonted streams. Nor did he forget green-headed Lumun ; he often bounded over his seas, to where white-handed Flathal looked from the hill of roes. Lumon of the foamy streams, thou risest on Fonar's soul."

The beam awaked in the east, The mis
heads of the mountains rose. Valleys shew, c
every side, the grey winding of their stream
His host heard the shield of Cathmor; at on
they rose around; like a crowded sea, wh
first it feels the wings of the wind. The wav
know not whither to roll; they lift their tro
bled heads.

Sad and slow retired Sul-malla to Lona of t
streams. She went and often turned: her bl
eyes rolled in tears. But when she came to t
rock, that darkly covered Lona's vale: she loo
ed, from her bursting soul, on the king; and sun
at once, behind.

Son of Alpin, strike the string. Is there aug
of joy in the harp? Pour it, then, on the soul
Ossian; it is folded in mist. I here thee, O bard
in my night. But cease the lightly tremblir
sound. The joy of grief belongs to Ossian,
midst his dark-brown years.

Green thorn of the hill of ghosts, that shake
thy head to nightly winds! I here no sound i
thee; is there no spirit's windy skirt now ru
tling in leaves? Often are the steps of the dea
in the dark-eddying blasts; when the moon,
dun shield, from the east, is rolled along th
sky.

Ullin, Carril, and Ryno, voices of the days
old! Let me hear you, in the darkness of Se
ma, and awake the soul of songs. I hear yo
not, ye children of music; in what hall of th
clouds is your rest? Do you touch the shadow
harp, robed with morning mist, where the su
comes sounding forth from his green-heade
waves?

Temora:

AN

EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth morning, from the opening of the poem, comes on. Fingal, still continuing in the place to which he had retired on the preceding night, is seen at intervals, through the mist, which covered the rock of Cormul. The descent of the king is described. He orders Gaul, Dermid, and Carril the bard, to go to the valley of Cluna, and conduct, from thence, to the Caledonian army, Ferad-artho, the son of Cairbar, the only person remaining of the family of Conar, the first king of Ireland. The king takes the command of the army, and prepares for battle. Marching towards the enemy, he comes to the cave of Lubar, where the body of Fillan lay. Upon seeing his dog Bran, who lay at the entrance of the cave, his grief returns. Cathmor arranges the army of the Firbolg in order of battle. The appearance of that hero.

The general conflict is described. The actio of Fingal and Cathmor. A storm. The tot rout of the Firbolg. The two kings engage a column of mist, on the banks of Lub Their attitude and conference after the comb The death of Cathmor. Fingal resigns t spear of Trenmor to Ossian. The cremoni observed on that occasion. The spirit of Cat mor appears to Sul-malla, in the valley of Lon Her sorrow. Evening comes on. A feast prepared. The coming of Ferad-artho is a nounced by the songs of a hundred bards. T poem closes with a speech of Fingal.

BOOK VIII.

AS when the wintry winds have seized th waves of the mountain-lake, have seize them, in stormy night, and clothed them ov with ice; white to the hunter's early eye, th billows still seem to roll. He turns his ear t the sound of each unequal ridge. But each silent, gleaming, strewn with boughs and tuf s grass, which shake and whistle to the wind, ov their grey seats of frost. So silent shone to th morning the ridges of Moryen's host, as ea warrior looked up from his helmet towards th hill of the king; the cloud-covered hill of Fin gal, where he strode, in the rolling of mist. A times is the hero seen, greatly dim in all h arms. From thought to thought rolled the wa along his mighty soul.

Now is the coming forth of the king. Fir appeared the sword of Luno; the spear half issuing from a cloud, the shield still dim in mist But when the stride of the king came abroad with all his grey, dewy locks in the wind; the rose the shouts of his host over every movin tribe. They gathered, gleaming, round, wit all their echoing shields. So rise the green sea

ound a spirit, that comes down from the squally
ind. The traveller hears the sound afar, and
ts his head over the rock. He looks on the
oubled bay, and thinks he dimly sees the form.
he waves sport, unwieldy, round, with all
eir backs of foam.

Far-distant stood the son of Morni, Duthno's
ce, and Cona's bard. We stood far-distant;
ch beneath his tree. We shunned the eyes of
e king; we had not conquered in the field. A
ttle stream rolled at my feet: I touched its
ght wave, with my spear. I touched it with
y spear; nor there was the soul of Ossian. It
arkly rose, from thought to thought, and sent
oad the sigh.

"Son of Morni!" said the king, "Dermid,
unter of roes! why are ye dark, like two rocks,
ch with its trickling waters? No wrath gathers
n the soul of Fingal against the chiefs of men.
e are my strength in battle; the kindling of
y joy in peace. My early voice was a pleasant
ale to your ears, when Fillan prepared the
ow. The son of Fingal is not here, nor yet
he chace of the bounding roes. But why should
ne breakers of shields stand, darkened, far
way?"

Tall the strode towards the king; they saw
im turned to Mora's wind. His tears came
own, for his blue-eyed son, who slept in the
ave of streams. But he brightened before them,
nd spoke to the broad-shielded kings.

"Crommal, with woody rocks, and misty top,
he field of winds, pours forth, to the sight, blue
ubar's streamy roar. Behind it rolls clear-
winding Lavath, in the still vale of deer. A
ave is dark in a rock; above it strong-winged
agles dwell; broad headed oaks, before it,
pund in Cluna's wind. Within, in his locks
f youth, is Ferad-artho, blue-eyed king, the

son of broad-shielded Cairbar, from Ullin the roes. He listens to the voice of Condan grey, he bends in feeble light. He listens, his foes dwell in the echoing halls of Tem He comes, at times, abroad, in the skirts of m to pierce the bounding roes. When the looks on the field, nor by the rock, nor strea is he! He shuns the race of Bolga, who dwel his father's hall. Tell him, that Fingal lifts spear, and that his foes, perhaps, may fail.

"Lift up, O Gaul! the shield before h Stretch, Dermid, Temora's spear. Be thy v in his ear, O Carril, with the deeds of his fath Lead him to green Moi-lena, to the dusky fi of ghosts; for there I fall forward, in battle. the folds of war. Before dun night descer come to b'.h Dunmora's top. Look, from grey rolling of mist, on Lena of the strea If there my standard shall float on wind, o Lubar's gleaming course, then has not Fi failed in the last of his fields."

Such were his words: nor aught replied silent, striding kings. They looked side-l on Erin's host, and darkened as they went. ver before had they left the king, in the m of the stormy field. Behind them, touching times his harp, the grey-haired Carril mov He foresaw the fall of the people, and mou ful was the sound! It was like a breeze t comes, by fits, over Lego's reedy lake; w. sleep half-descends on the hunter, within mossy cave.

"Why bends the bard of Cona," said Fin "over his secret stream? Is this a time for s row, father of low-laid Oscar? Be the warr remembered in peace; when echoing shields heard no more. Bend, then in grief, over flood, where blows the mountain-breeze. them pass on thy soul, the blue-eyed dweller

Lena. But Erin rolls to war, wide-tumbling, rough, and dark. Lift, Ossian, lift the shield. I am alone, my son!"

As comes the sudden voice of winds to the becalmed ship of Inis-huna, and drives it large, along the deep, dark rider of the wave: so the voice of Fingal sent Ossian, tall, along the heath. He lifted high his shining shield, in the dusky wing of war: like the broad blank moon, in the skirt of a cloud, before the storms arise.

Loud, from moss-covered Mora, poured down, at once, the broad-winged war. Fingal led his people forth, king of Morven of streams. On high spreads the eagle's wing. His grey hair is poured on his shoulders broad. In thunder are his mighty strides. He often stood, and saw behind, the wide-gleaming rolling of armour. A rock he seemed, grey over with ice, whose woods are high in wind. Bright streams leap from its head, and spread their foam on blasts.

Now he came to Lubar's cave, where Fillan darkly slept. Bran still lay on the broken shield: the eagle-wing is strewed on winds. Bright, from withered furze, looked forth the hero's spear. Then grief stirred the soul of the king, like whirlwinds blackening on a lake. He turned his sudden step, and leaned on his bending spear. White-breasted Bran came bounding with joy to the known path of Fingal. He came and looked towards the cave, where the blue-eyed hunter lay, for he was wont to stride, with morning, to the dewy bed of the roe. It was then the tears of the king came down, and all his soul was dark. But as the rising wind rolls away the storm of rain, and leaves the white streams to the sun, and high hills with their heads of grass; so the returning war brightened the mind of Fingal. He bounded on his spear, over Lu-

bar, and struck his echoing shield. His rid
host bend forward, at once, with all their poin
ed steel.

Nor Erin heard, with fear, the sound; wi
they came rolling along. Dark Malthos, in t
wing of war, looks forward from shaggy brow
Next rose that beam of light Hidalla; then t
side-long-looking gloom of Maronnan. Blu
shielded Clonar lifts the spear; Cormar shak
his bushy locks on the wind. Slowly, fro
behind a rock, rose the bright form of Ath
First appeared his two pointed spears, then t
half of his burnished shield: like the rising of
nightly meteor, over the vale of ghosts. B
when he shone all abroad; the hosts plunged,
once, into strife. The gleaming waves of ste
are poured on either side.

As meet two troubled seas, with the rolling o
all their waves, when they feel the wings o
contending winds, in the rock-sided frith of Lu
mon; along the echoing hills is the dim cours
of ghosts: from the blast fall the torn groves o
the deep, amidst the foamy path of whales. S
mixed the hosts! Now Fingal; now Cathmo
came abroad. The dark tumbling of death i
before them: the gleam of broken steel is rolle
on their steps, as, loud, the high-bounding king
hewed down the ridge of shields.

Maronnan fell, by Fingal, laid large across
stream. The waters gathered by his side, and
leapt grey over his bossy shield. Clonar is pier
ced by Cathmor; nor yet lay the chief on earth.
An oak seized his hair in his fall. His helmet
rolled on the ground. By its thong, hung his
broad shield; over it wandered his streaming
blood. Tlamin shall weep, in the hall, and strike
her heaving breast. Nor did Ossian forget the
spear, in the wing of his war. He strewed the
field with dead. Young Hidalla came. "Soft

voice of streamy Clonra! Why dost thou lift the steel? O that we met, in the strife of song, in thy own rushy vale!" Malthos beheld him low, and darkened as he rushed along. On either side of a stream, we bend in the echoing strife. Heaven comes rolling down: around burst the voices of squally winds. Hills are clothed, at times, in fire. Thunder rolls in wreaths of mist. In darkness shrunk the foe. Morven's warriors stood aghast. Still I bent over the stream, amidst my whistling locks.

Then rose the voice of Fingal, and the sound of the flying foe. I saw the king, at times, in lightning, darkly striding in his night. I struck my echoing shield, and hung forward on the steps of Alnecma: the foe is rolled before me, like a wreath of smoke.

The sun looked forth from his cloud. The hundred streams of Moi-lena shone. Slow rose the blue columns of mist, against the glittering hill. "Where are the mighty kings? Nor by that stream, nor wood, are they! I hear the clang of arms! Their strife is in the bosom of mist." Such is the contending of spirits in a nightly cloud, when they strive for the wintry wings of winds, and the rolling of the foam-covered waves.

I rushed along. The grey mist rose. Tall, gleaming, they stood at Lubar. Cathmor leaned against a rock. His half-fallen shield received the stream, that leapt from the moss above. Towards him is the stride of Fingal; he saw the hero's blood. His sword fell slowly to his side. He spoke, amidst his darkening joy.

"Yields the race of Borbar-duthul? Or still does he lift the spear? Not unheard is thy name, in Selma, in the green dwelling of strangers. It has come like the breeze of his desert, to the ear of Fingal. Come to my hill of feasts: the mighty fail, at times. No fire am I to low-laid foes: I

rejoice not over the fall of the brave. To close the wound is mine: I have known the herbs of the hills. I seized their fair heads, on high, as they waved by their secret streams. Thou art dark and silent, king of Atha of strangers"

"By Atha of the streams," he said, "there rises a mossy rock. On its head is the wandering of boughs, within the course of winds. Dark, in its face, is a cave with its own loud rill. There have I heard the tread of strangers, when they passed to my hall of shells. Joy rose, like a flame, on my soul: I blest the echoing rock. Here be my dwelling in darkness, in my grassy vale. From this I shall mount the breeze, that pursues my thistle's beard; or look down on blue winding Atha, from its wandering mist."

"Why speaks the king of the tomb? Ossian! the warrior has failed! Joy meet thy soul, like a stream, Cathmor, friend of strangers! My son, I hear the call of years; they take my spear as they pass along. Why does not Fingal, they seem to say, rest within his hall? Dost thou always delight in blood? In the tears of the sad? No: ye darkly-rolling years, Fingal delights not in blood. Tears are wintry streams that waste away my soul. But when I lie down to rest, then comes the mighty voice of war. It awakes me in my hall, and calls forth all my steel. It shall call it forth no more: Ossian, take thou thy father's spear. Lift it, in battle, when the proud arise.

"My fathers, Ossian, trace my steps; my deeds are pleasant to their eyes. Wherever I come forth to battle, on my field, are their columns of mist. But mine arm rescued the feeble; the haughty found my rage was fire. Never, over the fallen, did mine eye rejoice. For this, my fathers shall meet me, at the gates of their airy halls, tall, with robes of light, with mildly-

kindled eyes. But, to the proud in arms, they are darkened moons in heaven, which send the fire of night, red-wandering over their face.

"Father of heroes, Trenmor, dweller of eddying winds! I give thy spear to Ossian, let thine eye rejoice! Thee have I seen, at times, bright from between thy clouds; so appear to my son, when he is to lift the spear: then shall he remember thy mighty deeds, tho' thou art now but a blast."

He gave the spear to my hand, and raised, at once, a stone on high, to speak to future times, with its grey head of moss. Beneath he placed a sword in earth, and one bright boss from his shield. Dark in thought, a while, he bends: his words, at length, came forth.

"When thou, O stone, shall moulder down, and lose thee, in the moss of years, then shall the traveller come, and whistling pass away. Thou knowest not, feeble wanderer, that fame once shone on Moi-lena. Here Fingal resigned his spear, after the last of his fields. Pass away, thou empty shade; in thy voice there is no renown. Thou dwellest by some peaceful stream; yet a few years and thou art gone. No one remembers thee, thou dweller of thick mist! But Fingal shall be clothed with fame, a beam of light to other times, for he went forth, in echoing steel, to save the weak in arms."

Brightening in his fame, the king strode to Lubar's sounding oak, where it bent, from its rock, over the bright tumbling stream. Beneath it is a narrow plain, and the sound of the fount of the rock. Here the standard of Morven poured its wreaths on the wind, to mark the way of Ferad-artho, from his secret vale. Bright, from his parted west, the sun of heaven looked abroad. The hero saw his people, and heard their shouts of joy. In broken ridges round,

they glittered to the beam. The king rejoiced as a hunter in his own green vale, when, after the storm is rolled away, he sees the gleaming sides of the rocks. The green thorn shakes its head in their face; from their top look forward the roes.

Grey, at his mossy cave, is bent the aged form of Clonmal. The eyes of the bard had failed. He leaned forward, on his staff, Bright in her locks, before him, Sul-malla listened to the tale; the tale of the kings of Atha, in the days of old. The noise of battle had ceased in his ear: he stopt, and raised the secret sigh. The spirits of the dead, they said, often lightened over his soul. He saw the king of Atha low, beneath his bending tree.

"Why art thou dark?" said the maid, "The strife of arms is past. Soon‖ shall he come to thy cave, over thy winding streams. The sun looks from the rocks of the west. The mists of the lake arise. Grey, they spread on that hill, the rushy dwelling of roes. From the mist shall my king appear! Behold he comes, in his arms Come to the cave of Clonmal, O my best beloved!"

It was the spirit of Cathmor, stalking, large, a gleaming form. He sunk by the hollow stream, that roared between the hills. "It was but the hunter," she said, "who searches for the bed of the roe. His steps are not forth to war; his spouse expects him with night. He shall, whistling, return, with the spoils of the dark-brown hinds." Her eyes are turned to the hill; again the

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‖ Cathmor had promised, in the seventh book, to come to the cave of Clonmal, after the battle was over.

tately form came down. She rose, in the midst of joy, He retired in mist. Gradual vanish his limbs of smoke, and mix with the mountain-wind. Then she knew that he fell! "King of Erin, art thou low!" Let Ossian forget her grief, it wastes the soul of age †.

Evening came down on Moi-lena. Grey rolled the streams of the land. Loud came forth the voice of Fingal: the beam of oaks arose, the people gathered round with gladness; with gladness blended with shades. They side-long looked to the king, and beheld his unfinished joy. Pleasant, from the way of the desert, the voice of music came. It seemed, at first, the noise of a stream, far distant on its rocks. Slow it rolled along the hill like the ruffled wing of a breeze, when it takes the tufted beard of the rocks, in the still season of night. It was the voice of Coudan, mixed with Carril's trembling harp. They came with blue-eyed Ferad-artho, to Mora of the streams.

Sudden bursts the song from our bards, on Lena: the host struck their shields midst the sound. Gladness rose brightening on the king, like the beam of a cloudy day, when it rises, on

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† Tradition relates, that Ossian the next day after the decisive battle between Fingal and Cathmor, went to find out Sul-malla, in the valley of Lona. His address to her, which is still preserved, I here lay before the reader.

"Awake, thou daughter of Con-mor, from the fern-skirted cavern of Lona. Awake, thou sunbeam in deserts; warriors one day must fail. They move forth, like terrible lights; but, often, their cloud is near. Go to the valley of streams, to the wandering of herds, on Lumun; there

the green hill, before the roar of winds. I
struck the bossy shield of kings; at once th
cease around. The people lean forward, fro
their spears, towards the voice of their land†.

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dwells, in his lazy mist, the man of many day
But he is unknown, Sul-malla, like the thist
of the rocks of roes; it shakes its grey bear
in the wind, and falls unseen of our eyes. N
such are the kings of men: their departure is
meteor of fire, which pours its red course, fro
the desert, over the bosom of night.

" He is mixed with the warriors of old, thos
fires that have hid their heads. At times sha
they come forth in song. Not forgot has the wa
rior failed. He has not seen, Sul-malla, the fa
of a beam of his own: no fair-haired son, in h
blood, young troubler of the field. I am lonely
young branch of Lumon. I may hear the voice
the feeble, when my strength shall have faile
in years; for young Oscar has ceased on hi
field.

Sul-malla returned to her own country, an
makes a considerable figure in the poem whic
immediately follows: Her behaviour in tha
piece accounts for that partial regard with whic
the poet speaks of her throughout Temora.

† Before I finish my notes, it may not be al
together improper to obviate an objection, whic
may be made to the credibility of the story o
Temora as related by Ossian. It may be asked
whether it is probable that Fingal could perform
such actions as are ascribed to him in this book
at an age when his grandson, Oscar, had acquire
so much reputation in arms. To this it may b
answered, that Fingal was but very young (Book
IV.) when he took to wife Ros-crana, who soo

"Sons of Morven, spread the feast; send the night away on song. Ye have shone around me, and the dark storm is past. My people are the windy rocks, from which I spread my eagle wings, when I rush forth to renown, and seize it on its field. Ossian, thou hast the spear of Fingal: it is not the staff of a boy with which he strews the thistle round, young wanderer of the field. No: it is the lance of the mighty, with which they stretched forth their hands to death. Look to thy fathers, my son; they are awful beams With morning lead Ferad-artho forth to the echoing halls of Temora. Remind him of the kings of Erin: the stately forms of old. Let not the fallen be forgot, they were mighty in the field. Let Carril pour his song, that the kings may rejoice in their mist. To-morrow I spread my sails to Selma's shaded walls; where streamy Duthula winds through the seats of roes."

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after became the mother of Ossian. Ossian was also extremely young when he married Everallin, the mother of Oscar. Tradition relates, that Fingal was but eighteen years old at the birth of his son Ossian; and that Ossian was much about the same age, when Oscar, his son, was born. Oscar, perhaps, might be about twenty when he was killed, in the battle of Gabhra, (Book I.); so the age of Fingal, when the decisive battle was fought between him and Cathmor, was just fifty-six years. In those times of activity and health, the natural strength and vigour of a man was little abated, at such an age; so that there is nothing improbable in the actions of Fingal, as related in this book.

Cathlin of Clutha.

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

An address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar. The poet relates the arrival of Cathlin in Selma, to solicit aid against Duth-carmor of Cluba, who had killed Cathmol, for the sake of his daughter Lanul. Fingal declining to make a choice among his heroes, who were all claiming the command of the expedition, they retired each to his hill of ghosts, to be determined by dreams. The spirit of Trenmor appears to Ossian and Oscar: they sail from the bay of Carmona, and, on the fourth day, appear off the valley of Rath-col, in Inis-huna, where Duth-carmor had fixed his residence. Ossian dispatches a bard to Duth-carmor to demand battle. Night comes on. The distress of Cathlin of Clutha. Ossian devolves the command on Oscar, who, according to the custom of the kings of Morven, before battle, retired to a neighbouring hill. Upon the coming on of day, the battle joins. Oscar and Duth-carmor meet The latter falls. Oscar carries the mail and helmet of Duth-carmor to Cathlin, who had retired from the field. Cathlin is discovered to be the daughter of Cathmol, in disguise, who had been carried off, by force, by, and had made her escape from, Duth-carmor.

COME, thou beam that art lonely, from watching in the night! The squally winds are around thee, from all their echoing hills. Red, over my hundred streams, are the light-covered paths of the dead. They rejoice, on the eddying winds, in the still season of night. Dwells there no joy in song, white hand of the harps of Lutha? Awake the voice of the string, and roll my soul to me. It is a stream that has failed. Malvina, pour the song.

I hear thee, from thy darkness, in Selma, thou that watchest, lonely, by night! Why didst thou with-hold the song, from Ossian's failing soul? As the falling brook to the ear of the hunter, descending from his storm-covered hill; in a sun-beam rolls the echoing stream; he hears, and shakes his dewy locks: such is the voice of Lutha, to the friend of the spirits of heroes. My swelling bosom beats high. I look back on the days that are past. Come, thou beam that art lonely, from the watching of night!

In the echoing bay of Carmona we saw, one day, the bounding ship. On high, hung a broken shield; it was marked with wandering blood. Forward came a youth, in armour, and stretched his pointless spear. Long, over his tearful eyes, hung loose his disordered locks. Fingal gave the shell of kings. The words of the stranger arose.

"In his hall lies Cathmol of Clutha, by the winding of his own dark streams. Duth-carmor saw white-bosomed Lanul, and pierced her father's side. In the rushy desert were my steps. He fled in the season of night. Give thine aid to Cathlin to revenge his father. I sought thee not as a beam, in a land of clouds. Thou, like that sun, art known, king of echoing Selma."

Selma's king looked around. In his presence we rose in arms. But who should lift the shield for all had claimed the war. The night came down; we strode, in silence; each to his hill of ghosts: that spirits might descend, in our dreams, to mark us for the field.

We struck the shield of the dead, and raised the hum of songs. We thrice called the ghosts of our fathers. We laid us down in dreams. Trenmor came, before mine eyes, the tall form of other years. His blue hosts were behind him in half-distinguished rows. Scarce seen is their strife in mist, or their stretching forward to deaths. I listened; but no sound was there. The forms were empty wind.

I started from the dream of ghosts. On a sudden blast flew my whistling hair. Low-sounding, in the oak, is the departure of the dead. I took my shield from its bough. Onward came the rattling of steel. It was Oscar of Lego†. He had seen his fathers.

"As rushes forth the blast, on the bosom of whitening waves: so careless shall my course be through ocean, to the dwelling of foes. I have seen the dead, my father. My beating soul is high! My fame is bright before me, like the streak of light on a cloud, when the broad sun comes forth, red traveller of the sky."

"Grandson of Branno," I said; "not Oscar alone shall meet the foe. I rush forward, through ocean, to the woody dwelling of heroes. Let us contend, my son, like eagles, from one rock; when they lift their broad wings, against the stream of winds." We raised our sails in Carmona. From three ships, they marked my shield

† Oscar is here called Oscar of Lego, from his mother being the daughter of Branno, a powerful chief on the banks of that lake.

on the wave, as I looked on nightly Ton-thena, red wanderer between the clouds. Four days came the breeze abroad. Lumon came forward in mist. In winds were its hundred groves. Sunbeams marked, at times, its brown side. White leapt the foamy streams from all its echoing rocks.

A green field, in the bosom of hills, winds silent with its own blue stream. Here, midst the waving of oaks, were the dwelling of kings of old. But silence, for many dark-brown years, had settled in grassy Rathcol, for the race of heroes had failed, along the pleasant vale. Duth-carmor was here, with his people, dark rider of the wave. Ton-thena had hid her head in the sky. He bound his white-bosomed sails. His course is on the hills of Rath-col, to the seats of roes.

We came. I sent the bard, with songs, to call the foe to fight. Duth-carmor heard him with joy. The king's soul was a beam of fire: a beam of fire, marked with smoke, rushing, varied, through the bosom of night. The deeds of Duth-carmor were dark, though his arm was strong.

Night came, with the gathering of clouds: by the beam of the oak we sat down. At a distance stood Cathlin-of Clutha. I saw the changing soul of the stranger. As shadows fly over the field of grass, so various is Cathlin's cheek. It was fair, within locks, that rose on Rath-col's wind. I did not rush, amidst his soul, with my words. I bade the song to rise.

"Oscar of Lego," I said, "be thine the secret hill¶, to-night strike the shield, like Mor-

¶ This passage alludes to the well known custom among the ancient kings of Scotland, to

ven's kings. With day, thou shalt lead in wa
From my rock, I shall see thee, Oscar, a drea
ful form ascending in fight, like the appearanc
of ghosts, amidst the storms they raise. Wh
should mine eyes return to the dim times of ol
ere yet the song had bursted forth, like the sud
den rising of winds. But the years that ar
past, are marked with mighty deeds. As th
nightly rider of waves looks up to Ton-thena
beams: so let us turn our eyes to Tren nor, th
father of kings."

Wide, in Caracha's echoing field, Carmal ha
poured his tribes. They were a dark ridge o
waves; the grey-haired bards were like movin
foam on their face. They kindled the strif
around with their red-rolling eyes. Nor alon
were the dwellers of rocks; a son of Loda wa
there: a voice in his own dark land, to call th
ghosts from high. On his hill, he had dwelt, i
Lochlin, in the midst of a leafless grove. Fiv
stones lifted, near, their heads Loud roare
his rushing stream. He often raised his voic
to winds, when meteors marked their night
wings; when the dark-robed moon was rolle
behind her hill.

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retire from their army on the night preceding
battle. The story which Ossian introduces i
the next paragraph, concerns the fall of the
druids. It is said in many old poems, that th
druids, in the extremity of their affairs, had so
licited, and obtained aid from Scandinavia. A
mong the auxiliaries there came many pretended
magicians, which circumstance Ossian alludes
to, in his description of the son of Loda. Magic
and incantation could not, however, prevail: for
Trenmor, assisted by the valour of his son Tra
thal, entirely broke the power of the druids.

Nor unheard of ghosts was he! They came ith the sound of eagle-wings. They turned ittle, in fields, before the kings of men.

But Trenmor they turned not from battle; e drew forward the troubled war; in its dark tirt was Trathal, like a rising light. It was ark; and Loda's son poured forth his signs, on ight. The feeble were not before thee, son of ther lands!

Then† rose the strife of kings, about the hill f night; but it was soft as two summer gales, haking their light wings, on a lake. Trenmor ielded to his son; for the fame of the king was eard. Trathal came forth before his father, nd the foes failed, in echoing Caracha. The ears that are past, my son, are marked with nighty deeds‡. * * * * * * * * * *

In clouds rose the eastern light. The foe came orth in arms. The strife is mixed at Rath-col, ike the roar of streams. Behold the contending of kings! They meet beside the oak. In gleams of steel the dark forms are lost; such is the meeting of meteors, in a vale by night: red light is scattered round, and men foresee the storm. Duth-carmor is low in blood The son of Ossian overcame. Not harmless in battle was he, Malvina, hand of harps!

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† Trenmor and Thrathal. Ossian introduced this episode, as an example to his son, from ancient times.

‡ Those who deliver down this poem in tradition, lament that there is a great part of it lost: In particular, they regret the loss of an episode, which was here introduced, with the sequel of the story of Carmal and his druids. Their attachment to it was founded on the descriptions of magical inchantments which it contained.

Nor, in the field, are the steps of Cathlin. T stranger stood by a secret stream, where t foam of Rath-col skirted the mossy ston Above, bends the branchy birch, and strews leaves on winds. The inverted spear of Cathl touched, at times, the stream. Oscar broug Duth-carmor's mail: his helmet with its eagl wing. He placed them before the stranger, a his words were heard. "The foes of thy f ther have failed. They are laid in the field ghosts. Renown returns to Morven, like a ri ing wind. Why art thou dark, chief of Cluth Is there cause for grief?"

"Son of Ossian of harps, my soul is dark sad. I behold the arms of Cathmol, which I raised in war. Take the mail of Cathlin, pla it high in Selma's hall; that thou mayest remem ber the hapless in thy distant land."

From white breasts descended the mail. T was the race of kings; the soft-handed daughte of Cathmol at the streams of Clutha. Duth carmor saw her bright in the hall: he came, b night, to Clutha. Cathmol met him, in battl but the warrior fell. Three days dwelt the fo with the maid. On the fourth she fled in arm She remembered the race of kings, and felt he bursting soul.

Why, maid of Toscar of Lutha, should I tel how Cathlin failed? Her tomb is at rushy Lu mon, in a distant land. Near it were the step of Sul-malla, in the days of grief. She raised th song, for the daughter of strangers, and touche the mournful harp.

Come, from the watching of night, Malvina lonely beam!

Sul-malla of Lumon:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

This poem, which, properly speaking, is a continuation of the last, opens with an address to Sul-malla, the daughter of the king of Inis-huna, whom Ossian met at the chase, as he returned from the battle of Rath-col. Sul-malla invites Ossian and Oscar to a feast, at the residence of her father, who was then absent in the wars. Upon hearing their name and family, she relates an expedition of Fingal into Inis-huna. She casually mentioning Cathmor, chief of Atha, (who then assisted her father against his enemies) Ossian introduces the episode of Culgorm and Suran-dronlo, two Scandinavian kings, in whose wars Ossian himself and Cathmor were engaged on opposite sides. The story is imperfect, a part of the original being lost. Ossian, warned, in a dream, by the ghost of Trenmor, sets sail from Inis-huna.

WHO† moves so stately, on Lumon, at the roar of the foamy waters? Her hair falls upon her heaving breast. White is her arm be-

† The expedition of Ossian to Inis-huna happened a short time before Fingal passed over into Ireland, to dethrone Cairbar the son of Borbar-duthul. Cathmor, the brother of Cair-

hind, as slow she bends the bow. Why d thou wander in deserts, like a light throug cloudy field? The young roes are panting, their secret rocks. Return, thou daughter kings! the cloudy night is near.

It was the young branch of Lumon, Sul-ma of blue eyes. She sent the bard from her roc to bid us to her feast. Amidst the song we s down, in Conmor's echoing hall. White mov the hands of Sul-malla, on the trembling strin Half-heard, amidst the sound, was the name Atha's king: he that was absent in battle for h own green land. Nor absent from her soul w he: he came midst her thoughts by night: To thena looked in, from the sky, and saw her tos ing arms.

The sound of the shells had ceased. Amid long locks, Sul-malla rose. She spoke wi bended eyes, and asked of our course throu seas, "for of the kings of men are ye, tall ride of the wave." "Not unknown," I said, "· his streams is he, the father of our race. Fing has been heard of at Cluba, blue-eyed daught of kings. Nor only, at Cona's stream, is Ossia and Oscar known. Foes trembled at our voic and shrunk in other lands."

"Not unmarked," said the maid, "by Su malla, is the shield of Morven's king. It hang high, in Con-mor's hall, in memory of the past when Fingal came to Cluba, in the days of othe

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bar, was aiding Con-mor, king of Inis-huna, i his wars, at the time that Ossian defeated Duth carmor, in the valley of Rath-col. The poem i more interesting, that it contains so many par ticulars concerning those personages who mak so great a figure in Temora.

ears. Loud roared the boar of Culdarnu, in ie midst of his rocks and woods. Inis-huna ent her youths, but they failed; and virgins ept over tombs. Careless went the king to uldarnu. On his spear rolled the strength of he woods. He was bright, they said, in his ocks, the first of mortal men. Nor at the feast ere heard his words. His deeds passed from is soul of fire, like the rolling of vapours from he face of the wandering sun. Not careless ooked the blue-eyes of Cluba on his stately steps. n white bosoms rose the king of Selma, in nidst of their thoughts by night. But the winds ore the stranger to the echoing vales of his roes. Nor lost to other lands was he, like a meteor hat sinks in a cloud. He came forth, at times, n his brightness, to the distant dwelling of foes. His fame came, like the sound of winds, to Clu-a's woody vale.

" Darkness dwells in Cluba of harps: the ace of kings is distant far; in battle is Con-mor of spears; and Lor-mor king of streams¶. Nor larkening alone are they; a beam, from other ands, is nigh: the friend† of strangers in Atha, he troubler of the field. High, from their misty ill, look forth the blue eyes of Erin, for he is ar away, young dweller of their souls. Nor

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¶ Lormor was the son of Con-mor, and the brother of Sul-malla. After the death of Con-mor, Lormor succeeded him in the throne.

† Cathmor, the son of Borbar-duthul. It would appear, from the partiality with which Sul-malla speaks of that hero, that she had seen him previous to his joining her father's army; tho' tradition positively asserts, that it was after his return, that she fell in love with him.

harmless, white hands of Erin! is he in skirts of war; he rolls ten thousand before h in his distant field."

"Not unseen by Ossian," I said, "rus Cathmor from his streams, when he poured strength on I-thorno‡, isle of many waves. strife met two kings in I-thorno, Culgorm Suran-dronlo: each from his echoing isle, st hunters of the boar!

"They met a boar, at a foamy stream: e pierced it with his steel. They strove for fame of the deed: and gloomy battle rose. Fr isle to isle they sent a spear, broken and sta ed with blood, to call the friends of their fathe in their sounding arms. Cathmor came fr Bolga, to Culgorm, red-eyed king: I aided Sur dronlo, in his land of boars.

"We rushed on either side of a stream, wh roared through a blasted heath. High brok rocks were round, with all their bending tre Near are two circles of Loda, with the stone power; where spirits descended, by night, dark-red streams of fire. There, mixed wi the murmur of waters, rose the voice of ag men. They called the forms of night, to a them in their war.

"Heedless I stood, with my people, whe fell the foamy stream from rocks. The mo

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‡ I-thorno, says tradition, was an island Scandinavia. In it, at a hunting party, m Culgorm and Suran-dronlo, the kings of tv neighbouring isles. They differed about t honour of killing a boar; and a war was kindl between them. From this episode we may lear that the manners of the Scandinavians we much more savage and cruel than those Britain.

oved red from the mountain. My song, at
es, arose. Dark on the other side, young
thmor heard my voice; for he lay, beneath
e oak, in all his gleaming arms. Morning
me; we rushed to fight: from wing to wing
the rolling of strife. They fell, like the
istle head, beneath autumnal winds.

" In armour came a stately form: I mixed my
okes with the king. By turns our shields are
rced: loud rung our steely mails. His hel-
t fell to the ground. In brightness shone the
. His eyes, two pleasant flames, rolled be-
een his wandering locks. I knew the king
Atha, and threw my spear on earth. Dark,
turned, and silent passed to mix with other
s.

" Not so passed the striving kings‖. They
xed in echoing fray; like the meeting of ghosts
the dark wing of winds. Through either
ast rushed the spears; nor yet lay the foes
earth. A rock received their fall; and half-
lined they lay in death. Each held the lock
his foe; and grimly seemed to roll his eyes.
e stream of the rock leapt on their shields,
l mixed below with blood.

" The battle ceased in Lthorno. The stran-
s met in peace: Cathmor from Atha of
eams, and Ossian, king of harps. We placed
dead in earth. Our steps were by Runar's
. With the bounding boat, afar, advanced a
gy wave. Dark was the rider of seas, but a

‖ Culgorm and Suran-dronlo. The combat of
kings and their attitude in death are highly
turesque, and expressive of that ferocity of
nners, which distinguished the northern
ions.

beam of light was there, like the ray of the
in Stromlo's rolling smoke. It was the da
ter of Suran-dronlo, wild in brightened lo
Her eyes were wandering flames, amidst d
ered locks. Forward is her white arm, with
spear; her high-heaving breast is seen, whi
foamy waves that rise, by turns, amidst r
They are beautiful, but they are terrible,
mariners call the winds."

"Come, ye dwellers of Loda! Carchar,
in the midst of clouds! Sluthmor, that str
in airy halls! Corchtur, terrible in winds!
ceive, from his daughter's spear, the foe
Suran-dronlo.

"No shadow, at his roaring streams
mildly-looking form was he! When he too
his spear, the hawks shook their sounding wi
for blood was poured around the steps of
eyed Suran-dronla.

"He lighted me, no harmless beam, to g
on his stream. Like meteors, I was bright
I blasted the foes of Suran-dronla."———*

Nor unconcerned heard Sul-malla, the
of Cathmor of shields. He was within her
like a fire in secret heath, which awakes a
voice of the blast, and sends its beam ab
Amidst the song removed the daughter of
like the soft sound of a summer-breeze;
it lifts the heads of flowers, and curls the
and streams.

By night came a dream to Ossian, wit
form stood the shadow of Trenmor. He s
ed to strike the dim shield, on Se
streamy rock. I rose, in my rattling ste
knew that war was near. Before the wind
sails were spread; when Luman shewe
streams to the morn.

Come from the watching of night, Mal
lonely beam!

Cath-loda:

A POEM.

ingal in one of his voyages to the Orkney islands, was driven, by stress of weather, into a bay of Scandinavia, near the residence of Starno, king of Lochlin. Starno invites Fingal to a feast, Fingal, doubting the faith of the king, and mindful of his former breach of hospitality, (Fingal, B. III.) refuses to go. Starno gathers together his tribes; Fingal resolves to defend himself. Night coming on, Duth-maruno proposes to Fingal, to observe the motions of the enemy. The king himself undertakes the watch. Advancing towards the enemy, he accidentally comes to the cave of Turthor, where Starno had confined Conban-carglas, the captive daughter of a neighbouring chief. Her story is imperfect, a part of the original being lost. Fingal comes to a place of worship, where Starno, and his son Swaran, consulted the spirit of Loda, concerning the issue of the war. The rencounter of Fingal and Swaran. The Duan concludes with a description of the airy hall of Cruth-loda, supposed to be the Odin of Scandinavia.

DUAN† FIRST.

A TALE of the times of old! Why, th
wanderer unseen, that bendest the this
of Lora, why, thou breeze of the valley, h
thou left mine ear? I here no distant roar
streams, no sound of the harp, from the rock
Come thou huntress of Lutha, send back his st
to the bard.

I look forward to Lochlin of lakes, to the da
ridgy bay of U-thorno, where Fingal descend
from ocean, from the roar of winds. Few
the heroes of Morven, in a land unknown! St
no sent a dweller of Loda, to bid Fingal to
feast: but the king remembered the past, a
all his rage arose.

"Nor Gormal's mossy towers; nor Star
shall Fingal behold! Deaths wander, like s
dows, over his fiery soul. Do I forget t
beam of light, the white-handed daughter†
kings? Go, son of Loda; his words are
blasts, to Fingal: blasts, that, to and fro,
the thistle, in autumnal vales.

"Duth-maruno, arm of death! Cromma-g
of iron shields! Struthmor, dweller of batt

† The bards distinguished those compositi
in which the narration is often interrupted,
episodes and apostrophes, by the name of Du
Since the extinction of the order of the ba
it has been a general name for all ancient c
positions in verse.

† Agandecca, the daughter of Starn
her father killed, on account of her discove
to Fingal a plot laid against his life.

wing! Cormar, whose ships bound on seas, careless as the course of a meteor, on dark-streaming clouds! Arise, around me, children of heroes, in a land unknown. Let each look on his shield, like Trenmor, the ruler of battles. "Come down," said the king, "thou dweller between the harps. Thou shalt roll this stream away, or dwell with me in earth."

Around him they rose in wrath. No words came forth: they seized their spears. Each soul is rolled into itself. At length the sudden clang is waked, on all their echoing shields. Each took his hill, by night, at intervals; they darkly stood. Unequal burst the hum of songs, between the roaring wind. Broad over them rose the moon. In his arms, came tall Duth-maruno†; he from Croma-charn of rocks, stern hunter of the boar. In his dark boat he rose on waves, when Crum-thormoth awaked its woods. In the chase he shone, among his foes: No fear was thine, Duth-maruno.

"Son of Comhal," he said, "my steps shall be forward through night. From this shield I shall view them, over their gleaming tribes. Starno, of lakes, is before me, and Swaran, the foe of strangers. Their words are not in vain, by Loda's stone of power. If Duth-maruno returns not, his spouse is lonely, at home, where meet two roaring streams, on Crathmo-craulo's

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† Duth-maruno is a name very famous in tradition. Many of his great actions are handed down, but the poems which contained the detail of them, are long since lost. He lived, it is supposed, in that part of the north of Scotland, which is over against Orkney.--Crum-thormoth, one of the Orkney or Shetland islands.

plain. Around are hills, with their woods; th ocean is rolling near. My son looks on scream ing sea-fowl, young wanderer of the field. Giv the head of a boar to Can-dona, tell him of hi father's joy, when the bristly strength of I-thor no rolled on his lifted spear."

"Not forgetting my fathers," said Fingal "I have bounded over ridgy seas; theirs was th times of danger in the days of old. Nor gathei darkness on me, before foes, though I am young in my locks. Chief of Crathmo-craulo, the fiel of night is mine."

He rushed, in all his arms, wide-bounding ove Turthor's stream, that sent its sullen roar, b night, through Gormal's misty vale. A moon beam glittered on a rock: in the midst, stood stately form: a form with floating locks, lik Lochlin's white-bosomed maid. Unequal ar her steps, and short: she throws a broken son on wind. At times she tosses her white arms ter grief is in her soul.

"Torcul-torno†, of aged locks! where not are thy steps, by Lulan? Thou hast failed, at thin

† Torcul-torno, according to tradition, wa king of Crathlun, a district in Sweden. Th river Lulan ran near the residence of Torcul torno. The war between Starno and Torcul torno, had its rise at a hunting party. The king came to battle, and the party of Torcul-torn were totally defeated, and he himself slain Starno pursued his victory, and carried off, b force, Conban-ca-glas, the beautiful daughter o his enemy. Her he confined in a cave, near th palace of Gormul, where, on account of her cru treatment, she became distracted. The pare graph just now before us, is the song of Conban Carglas, at the time she was discovered by Finga

own dark streams, father of Conban-carglas! But I behold thee, chief of Lulan, sporting by Loda's hall, when the dark-skirted night is poured along the sky.

"Thou, sometimes, hidest the moon, with thy shield. I have seen her dim in heaven. Thou kindlest thy hair into meteors, and sailest along the night. Why am I forgot in my cave, king of shaggy boars? Look from the hall of Loda, on lonely Conban-carglas."

"Who art thou," said Fingal, "voice of night?" She, trembling, turned away. "Who art thou, in thy darkness?" She shrunk into the cave. The king loosed the thong from her hands: he asked about her fathers.

"Torcul-torno," she said, "once dwelt at Lulan's foamy stream: he dwelt—but, now, in Lodo's hall, he shakes the sounding shell. He met Starno of Lochlin, in battle; long fought the dark-eyed kings. My father fell, at length, blue-shielded Torcul-torno!

"By a rock, at Lulan's stream, I had pierced the bounding roe. My white hand gathered my hair, from off the stream of winds. I heard a noise. Mine eyes were up. My soft breast rose on high. My step was forward, at Lulan, to meet thee, Torcul-torno!

"It was Starno, dreadful king! His red eyes roll'ed on Conban-carglas. Dark waved his shaggy brow, above his gathered smile. Where is my father, I said, he that was mighty in war? Thou art left alone among foes, daughter of Torcul-torno!

It is in lyric measure, and set to music, which is wild and simple, and so inimitably suited to the situation of the unhappy lady, that few can hear it without tears.

"He took my hand. He raised the sail. In this cave he placed me, dark. At times, he comes, a gathered mist. He lifts before me, my father's shield. Often passes a beam† of youth far-distant from my cave. He dwells lonely in the soul of the daughter of Torcul-torno."

"Maid of Lulan," said Fingal, "white-handed Conban-carglas; a cloud, marked with streaks of fire, is rolled along thy soul. Look not to that dark-robed moon; nor yet to those meteors of heaven; my gleaming steel is around thee, daughter of Torcul-torno.

"It is not the steel of the feeble, nor of the dark in soul. The maids are not shut in our‖ caves of streams; nor tossing their white arms, alone. They bend, fair within their locks, above the harps of Selma. Their voice is not in the desert wild, young light of Torcul-torno."

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Fingal, again, advanced his steps, wide through the bosom of night, to where the trees of Loda

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† By the beam of youth, it afterwards appears, that Conban-carglas means Swaran, the son of Starno, with whom, during her confinement, she had fallen in love.

‖ From this contrast, which Fingal draws, between his own nation and the inhabitants of Scandinavia, we may learn, that the former were much less barbarous than the latter. This distinction is so much observed throughout the poems of Ossian, that there can be no doubt, that he followed the real manners of both nations in his own time. At the close of the speech of Fingal there is a great part of the original lost.

shook amid squally winds. Three stones, with heads of moss, are there; a stream, with foaming course; and dreadful, rolled around them, is the dark-red cloud of Loda. From its top looked forward a ghost, half-formed of the shadowy smoke. He poured his voice, at times, amidst the roaring stream. Near, bending beneath a blasted tree, two heroes received his words: Swaran of the lakes, and Starno foe of strangers. On their dun shields, they darkly leaned: their spears are forward in night. Shrill sounds the blast of darkness, in Starno's floating beard.

They heard the tread of Fingal. The warriors rose in arms. "Swaran, lay that wanderer low," said Starno, in his pride. "Take the shield of thy father; it is a rock in war." Swaran threw his gleaming spear; it stood fixed in Loda's tree. Then came the foes forward, with swords. They mixed their rattling steel. Through the thongs of Swaran's shield rushed the blade of Luno. The shield fell rolling on earth. Cleft the helmet fell down. Fingal stopt the lifted steel. Wrathful stood Swaran unarmed. He rolled his silent eyes, and threw his sword on earth. Then, slowly stalking over the stream, he whistled as he went.

Nor unseen of his father is Swaran. Starno turned away in wrath. His shaggy brows waved dark, above his gathered rage. He struck Loda's tree, with his spear: he raised the hum of songs. They came to the host of Lochlin, each in his own dark path; like two foam-covered streams, from two rainy vales.

To Turthor's plain Fingal returned. Fair rose the beam of the east. It shone on the spoils of Lochlin in the hand of the king. From her cave came forth, in her beauty, the daughter of Torcul-torno. She gathered her hair from wind;

and wildly raised her song. The song of Lulan of shells, where once her father dwelt.

She saw Starno's bloody shield. Gladness rose, a light on her face. She saw the cleft helmet of Swaran¶; she shrunk, darkened, from the king. "Art thou fallen, by thy hundred streams, O love of Conban-carglas!"

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U-thorno, that risest in waters; on whose side are the meteors of night! I behold the dark moon descending behind thy echoing woods. On thy top dwells the misty Loda, the house of the spirits of men. In the end of his cloudy hall bends forward Cruth-loda of swords. His form is dimly seen, amidst his wavy mist. His right-hand is on his shield: in his left is the half-viewless shell. The roof of his dreadful hall is marked with nightly fires.

The race of Cruthloda advance, a ridge of formless shades. He reaches the sounding shell, to those who shone in war; but, between him and the feeble, his shield rises, a crust of darkness. He is a setting meteor to the weak in arms. Bright, as a rainbow on streams, came white-armed Conban-carglas.

¶ Conban-carglas, from seeing the helmet of Swaran bloody in the hands of Fingal, conjectured that that hero was killed. A part of the original is lost. It appears, however, from the sequel of the poem, that the daughter of Torcul-torno did not long survive her surprise, occasioned by the supposed death of her lover. The description of the airy hall of Loda (which is supposed to be the same with that of Odin, the deity of Scandinavia) is more picturesque and descriptive, than any in the Edda, or other works of the northern scalders.

Cath-loda:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fingal returning, with day, devolves the command of the army on Duth-maruno, who engages the enemy, and drives them over the stream of Turthor. Fingal, after recalling his people, congratulates Duth-maruno on his success, but discovers that that hero was mortally wounded in the engagement. Duth-maruno dies. Ullin, the bard, in honour of the dead, introduces the episode of Colgorm and Strina-dona, with which the Duan concludes.

DUAN SECOND.

"WHERE art thou, son of the king?" said dark-haired Duth-maruno. "Where hast thou failed, young beam of Selma? He returns not from the bosom of night! Morning is spread on U-thorno: in his mist is the sun, on his hill. Warriors, lift the shields, in my presence. He must not fall, like a fire from heaven, whose place is not marked on the ground. He comes like an eagle, from the skirt

of his squally wind! In his hand are the spoils of foes. King of Selma, our souls were sad!"

"Near us are the foes, Duth-maruno. They come forward, like waves in mist, when their foamy tops are seen, at times, above the low-sailing vapour. The traveller shrinks on his journey, and knows not whither to fly. No trembling travellers are we! Sons of heroes call forth the steel. Shall the sword of Fingal arise, or shall a warrior lead?"

The deeds† of old, said Duth-maruno, are like paths to our eyes, O Fingal! Broad-shielded

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† In this short episode we have a very probable opinion given us, of the origin of monarchy in Caledonia. The Cael or Gauls, who possessed the countries to the north of the Frith of Edinburgh, were, originally, a number of distinct tribes, or clans, each subject to its own chief, who was free and independent of any other power. When the Romans invaded them, the common danger might, perhaps, have induced those reguli to join together; but, as they were unwilling to yield to the command of one of their own number, their battles were ill-conducted, and, consequently, unsuccessful. Trenmor was the first who represented to the chiefs, the bad consequences of carrying on their wars in this irregular manner, and advised, that they themselves should alternately lead in battle. They did so, but they were unsuccessful. When it came to Trenmor's turn, he totally defeated the enemy, by his superior valour and conduct, which gained him such an interest among the tribes, that he, and his family after him, were regarded as kings; or, to use the poet's expression, "the words of power rushed forth from

Trenmor is still seen, amidst his own dim years. Nor feeble was the soul of the king. There, no dark deed wandered in secret. From their hundred streams came the tribes, to grassy Colglancrona. Their chiefs were before them. Each strove to lead the war. Their swords were often half-unsheathed. Red rolled their eyes of rage. Separate they stood, and hummed their surly songs. "Why should they yield to each other? their fathers were equal in war."

Trenmor was there, with his people, stately in youthful locks. He saw the advancing foe. The grief of his soul arose. He bade the chiefs to lead, by turns: they led, but they were rolled away. From his own mossy hill, blue-shielded Trenmor came down. He led wide-skirted battle, and the strangers failed. Around him the dark-browed warriors came: they struck the shield of joy. Like a pleasant gale, the words of power rushed forth from Selma of kings. But the chiefs fled, by turns, in war, till mighty danger rose: then was the hour of the king to conquer in the field.

"Not unknown," said Cromma-glas of shields, "are the deeds of our fathers. But who shall lead the war, before the race of kings? Mist settles on these four dark hills: within it let

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Selma of kings." The regal authority, however, except in time of war, was but inconsiderable; for every chief within his own district, was absolute and independent. From the scene of the battle in this episode (which was in the valley of Crona, a little to the north of Agricola's wall) I should suppose that the enemies of the Caledonians were the Romans, or provincial Britons.

each warrior strike his shield. Spirits may descend in darkness, and mark us for the war." They went, each to his hill of mist. Bards marked the sounds of the shields. Loudest rung thy boss, Duth-maruno. Thou must lead in war.

Like the murmur of waters, the race of U-thorno came down. Starno led the battle and Swaran of stormy isles. They looked forward from iron shields, like Cruth-loda fiery-eyed, when he looks from behind the darkened moon, and strews his signs on night.

The foes met by Turthor's stream. They heaved like ridgy waves. Their echoing strokes are mixed. Shadowy death flies over the hosts. They were clouds of hail, with squally winds in their skirts. Their showers are roaring together. Below them swells the dark-rolling deep.

Strife of gloomy U-thorno, why should I mark thy wounds? Thou art with the years that art gone: thou fadest on my soul. Starno brought forward his skirit of war, and Swaran his own dark wing. Nor a harmless fire is Duth-maruno's sword. Lochlin is rolled over her streams. The wrathful kings are folded in thoughts. They roll their silent eyes, over the flight of their land. The horn of Fingal was heard: the sons of woody Albion returned. But many lay, by Turthor's stream, silent in their blood.

"Chief of Crom-charn," said the king, "Duth-maruno, hunter of boars! not harmless returns my eagle, from the field of foes. For this white-bosomed Lanal shall brighten, at her stream; Candona shall rejoice, at rocky Crathmo-craulo."

"Colgorm," replied the chief, "was the first of my race in Albion; Colgorm, the rider of ocean, through its watery vales. He slew his brother in I-thorno: he left the land of his fa-

thers. He chose his place, in silence, by rocky Crathmo-craulo. His race came forth, in their years; they came forth to war, but they always fell. The wound of my fathers is mine, king of echoing isles!"

He drew an arrow from his side. He fell pale in a land unknown. His soul came forth to his fathers, to their stormy isle. There they pursued boars of mist, along the skirts of winds. The chiefs stood silent around, as the stones of Loda, on their hill. The traveller sees them through the twilight, from his lonely path. He thinks them the ghosts of the aged, forming future wars.

Night came down on U-thorno. Still stood the chiefs in their grief. The blast hissed, by turns, through every warrior's hair. Fingal, at length, bursted forth from the thoughts of his soul. He called Ullin of harps, and bade the song to rise. No failing fire, that is only seen, and then retires in night, no departing meteor was Crathmo-craulo's chief. He was like the strong-beaming sun, long rejoicing on his hill. Call the names of his fathers, from their dwellings old.

I-thorno, said the bard, that risest midst ridgy seas! Why is thy head so gloomy, in the ocean's mist? From thy vales, came forth a race, fearless as thy strong winged eagles; the race of Colgorm of iron shields, dwellers of Loda's hall.

In Tormoth's resounding isle, arose Lurthan, streamy hill. It bent its woody head above a silent vale. There at foamy Cruruth's source, dwelt Rurmar, hunter of boars. His daughter was fair as a sun-beam, white-bosomed Strina-dona!

Many a king of heroes, and hero of iron shields; many a youth of heavy locks came to Rurmar's echoing hall. They came to woo the maid, the stately huntress of Tormoth wild.

But thou lookest careless from thy steps, high-bosomed Strina-dona!

If on the heath she moved, her breast was whiter than the down of Cana†; if on the sea-beat shore, than the foam of the rolling ocean. Her eyes were two stars of light; her face was heaven's bow in showers; her dark hair flowed round it, like the streaming clouds. Thou wert the dweller of souls, white-handed Strina-dona!

Colgorm came, in his ship, and Corcul-suran, king of shells. The brothers came, from I-thorno, to woo the sun-beam of Tormoth's isle. She saw them in their echoing steel. Her soul was fixed on blue-eyed Colgorm. Ul-lochlin's‖ nightly eye looked in, and saw the tossing arms of Strina-dona.

Wrathful the brothers frowned. Their flaming eyes in silence met. They turned away. They struck their shields. Their hands were trembling on their swords. They rushed into the strife of heroes, for long-haired Strina-dona.

Corcul-suran fell in blood. On his isle, raged the strength of his father. He turned Colgorm, from I-thorno, to wander on all the winds. In Crathmo-craulo's rocky field, he dwelt, by a foreign stream. Nor darkened the king, alone, that beam of light was near, the daughter of echoing Tormoth, white armed Strina-dona.

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† The Cana is a certain kind of grass, which grows plentifully in the heathy morasses of the north. Its stalk is of the reedy kind, and it carries a tuft of down, very much resembling cotton. It is excessively white, and, consequently, often introduced by the bards, in their similies concerning the beauty of women.

‖ Ul-Coolin, the guide to Lochlin, the name of a star.

Cath-loda:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ossian, after some general reflections, describes the situation of Fingal, and the position of the army of Lochlin. The conversation of Starno and Swaran. The episode of Cromar-trunar and Foinar-bragal. Starno, from his own example, recommends to Swaran, to surprise Fingal, who had retired alone to a neighbouring hill. Upon Swaran's refusal, Starno, undertakes the enterprise himself, is overcome, and taken prisoner, by Fingal. He is dismissed, after a severe reprimand for his cruelty.

DUAN THIRD.

WHENCE is the stream of years? Whither do they roll along? Where have they hid, in mist, their many coloured sides? I look into the times of old, but they seem dim to Ossian's eyes, like reflected moon-beams, on a distant lake. Here rise the red beams of war! There, silent, dwells a feeble race! They mark no years with their deeds, as slow they pass

along. Dweller between the shields; thou that awakest the failing soul, descend from thy wall, harp of Cona, with thy voices three! Come with that which kindles the past: rear the forms of old, on their dark-brown years!

U-thorno, hill of storms, I behold my race on thy side. Fingal is bending, in night, over Duthmaruno's tomb. Near him are the steps of his heroes, hunters of the hoar. By Turthor's stream the host of Lochlin is deep in shades. The wrathful kings stood on two hills; they looked forward from their bossy shields. They looked forward on the stars of night, red-wandering in the west. Cruth-loda bends from high, like a formless meteor in clouds. He sends abroad the winds, and marks them, with his signs. Starno foresaw, that Morven's king was never to yield in war.

He twice struck the tree in wrath. He rushed before his son He hummed a surly song; and heard his hair in wind. Turned from one another, they stood, like two oaks, which different winds had bent; each hangs over its own loud rill, and shakes its boughs, in the course of blasts.

"Annir," said Starno of lakes, "was a fire that consumed of old. He poured death from his eyes, along the striving fields. His joy was in the fall of men. Blood to him, was a summer stream, that brings joy to withered vales, from its own mossy rock. He came forth to the lake Luth-cormo, to meet the tall Corman-trunar, he from Urlor of streams, dweller of battle's wing.

"The chief of Urlor had come to Cormul, with his dark-bosomed ships; he saw the daughter of Annir, white-armed Foinar-bragal. He saw her: nor careless rolled her eyes, on the rider of stormy waves. She fled to his ship in dark-

ness, like a moon-beam through a nightly vale. Annir pursued along the deep; he called the winds of heaven. Nor alone was the king: Starno was by his side. Like U-thorno's young eagle, I turned my eyes on my father.

"We came to roaring Urlor. With his people came tall Corman-trunar. We fought; but the foe prevailed. In his wrath stood Annir of lakes. He lopped the young trees, with his sword. His eyes rolled red in his rage. I marked the soul of the king, and I retired in night. From the field I took a broken helmet: a shield that was pierced with steel: pointless was the spear in my hand. I went to find the foe.

"On a rock sat tall Corman-trunar, beside his burning oak; and near him, beneath a tree, sat deep-bosomed Foinar-bragal. I threw my broken shield before her; and spoke the words of peace. Beside his rolling sea, lies Annir of many lakes. The king was pierced in battle; and Starno is to rise his tomb. Me, a son of Loda, he sends to white-handed Foinar-bragal, to bid her send a lock from her hair, to rest with her father, in earth. And thou king of roaring Urlor, let the battle cease, till Annir receive the shell, from fiery-eyed Cruth-loda.

"Bursting† into tears, she rose, and tore a lock from her hair; a lock, which wandered, in the blast, along her heaving breast. Corman-trunar gave the shell; and bade me to rejoice before him. I rested in the shade of night; and hid

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† Ossian is very partial to the fair sex. Even the daughter of cruel Annir, the sister of the revengeful and bloody Starno, partakes not of those disagreeable characters so peculiar to her family. She is altogether tender and delicate.

my face in my helmet deep. Sleep descended on the foe. I rose, like a stalking ghost. I pierced the side of Corman-trunar. Nor did Foinar-bragal escape. She rolled her white bosom in blood. Why then, daughter of heroes, didst thou wake my rage? Morning rose. The foe were fled, like the departure of mist. Annir struck his bossy shield. He called his dark-haired son. I came, streaked with wandering blood: thrice rose the shout of the king, like the bursting forth of a squally of wind, from a cloud, by night. We rejoiced three days, above the dead, and called the hawks of heaven. They came from all their winds to feast on Annir's foes. Swaran! Fingal is alone, on his hill of night. Let thy spear pierce the king in secret; like Annir, my soul shall rejoice."

"Son of Annir, of Gormul, Swaran shall not slay in shades. I move forth in light: the hawks rush from all their winds. They are wont to trace my course: it is not harmless through war."

Burning rose the rage of the king. He thrice raised his gleaming spear. But starting, he spared his son; and rushed into the night. By Truthor's stream a cave is dark, the dwelling of Conban-carglas. There he laid the helmet of kings, and called the maid of Lulan, but she was distant far, in Loda's resounding hall.

Swelling with rage, he strode, to where Fingal lay alone. The king was laid on his shield, on his own secret hill. Stern hunter of shaggy boars, no feeble maid is laid before thee: no boy, on his ferny bed, by Turthor's murmuring stream. Here is spread the couch of the mighty, from which they rise to deeds of death. Hunter of shaggy boars, awaken not the terrible.

Starno came murmuring on. Fingal arose in arms. "Who art thou, son of night?" Silent he

threw the spear. They mixed their gloomy strife. The shield of Starno fell, cleft in twain. He is bound to an oak. The early beam arose. Then Fingal beheld the king of Gormal. He rolled a while his silent eyes. He thought of other days, when white-bosomed Agandecca moved like the music of songs. He loosed the thong from his hands. "Son of Annir," he said, "retire. Retire to Gormal of shells: a beam that was set returns. I remember thy white-bosomed daughter; dreadful king, away! Go to thy troubled dwelling, cloudy foe of the lovely! Let the stranger shun thee, thou gloomy in the hall!"

A TALE of the times of old!

Oina-morul:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

After an address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, Ossian proceeds to relate his own expedition to Fuarfed, an island of Scandinavia. Mal-orchol, king of Fuarfed, being hard pressed in war, by Ton-thormod, chief of Sar-dronlo, (who had demanded, in vain, the daughter of Mal-orchol in marriage) Fingal sent Ossian to his aid. Ossian, on the day after his arrival, came to battle with Ton-thormod, and took him prisoner. Mal-orchol offers his daughter Oina-morul to Ossian; but he, discovering her passion for Ton-thormod, generously surrenders her to her lover, and

brings about a reconciliation between the two kings.

AS flies the inconstant sun, over Larmon's grassy hill: so pass the tales of old, along my soul, by night. When bards are removed to their place; when harps are hung in Selma's hall; then comes a voice to Ossian, and awakes his soul. It is the voice of years that are gone: they roll before me, with all their deeds. I seize the tales, as they pass, and pour them forth in song. Nor a troubled stream is the song of the king, it is like the rising of music from Lutha of the strings. Lutha of many strings, not silent are thy streamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp. Light of the shadowy thoughts, that fly across my soul, daughter of Toscar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the song! We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

It was in the days of the king†, while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin,‖

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† Fingal.

‖ Con-cathlin, 'mild beam of the wave.' What star was so called of old is not easily ascertained. Some now distinguish the pole-star by that name. A song, which is still in repute, among the sea-faring part of the Highlanders, alludes to this passage of Ossian. The author commends the knowledge of Ossian in sea affairs, a merit which, perhaps, few of us moderns will allow him, or any in the age in which he lived. One thing is certain, that the Caledonians often made their way through the dangerous and tempestuous seas of Scandinavia, which is more,

on high from ocean's nightly wave. My course was towards the isle of Fuarfed, woody dweller of seas. Fingal had sent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuarfed wild: for war was around him, and our fathers had met at the feast.

In Col-coiled, I bound my sails, and sent my sword to Mal-orchol of shells. He knew the signal of Albion, and his joy arose. He came from his own high hall, and seized my hand in grief. "Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many spears is the chief of wavy Sar-dronlo. He saw and loved my daughter, white-bosomed Oina-morul. He sought: I denied the maid; for our fathers had been foes. He came, with battle, to Fuarfed. My people are rolled away. Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king?"

I come not, I said, to look, like a boy, on the strife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for strangers. From his waves, the warrior descended, on thy woody isle. Thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feast was spread with songs. For this my sword shall rise; and thy foes perhaps may fail. Our friends are not forgot in their danger, though distant is our land.

"Son of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-loda, when he speaks, from his parting cloud, strong dweller of the sky! Many have rejoiced at my feast; but they all

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perhaps, than the more polished nations, subsisting in those times, dared to venture. In estimating the degree of knowledge of arts among the ancients, we ought not to bring it into comparison with the improvements of modern times. Our advantages over them proceed more from accident than any merit of ours.

have forgot Mal-orchol. I have looked towards all the winds, but no white sails were seen. But steel resounds in my hall; and not the joyful shells. Come to my dwelling, race of heroes; dark-skirted night is near. Hear the voice of songs, from the maid of Fuarfed wild."

We went. On the harp arose the white hands of Oina-morul. She waked her own sad tale, from every trembling string. I stood in silence; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many isles. Her eyes were like two stars, looking forward through a rushing shower. The mariner marks them on high, and blesses the lovely beams. With morning we rushed to battle, to Tormul's resounding stream; the foe moved to the sound of Ton-thormod's bossy shield. From wing to wing the strife was mixed. I met the chief of Sar-dronlo. Wide flew his broken steel. I seized the king in fight. I gave his hand, bound fast with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of shells. Joy rose at the feast of Fuarfed, for the foe had failed. Ton-thormod turned his face away, from Oina-morul of isles.

"Son of Fingal," begun Mal-orchol, "not forgot shalt thou pass from me. A light shall dwell in thy ship, Oina-morul of slow-rolling eyes. She shall kindle gladness, along thy mighty soul. Nor unheeded shall the maid move in Selma, through the dwelling of kings."

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half-closed in sleep. Soft music came to mine ear: it was like the rising breeze, that whirls, at first, the thistle's beard; then flies, dark-shadowy, over the grass. It was the maid of Fuarfed wild: she raised the nightly song; for she knew that my soul was a stream, that flowed at pleasant sounds.

"Who looks," she said, "from his rock, on

ocean's closing mist? His long locks, like the raven's wing, are wandering on the blast. Stately are his steps in grief. The tears are in his eyes. His manly breast is heaving over his bursting soul. Retire, I am distant far; a wanderer in lands unknown. Though the race of kings are around me, yet my soul is dark. Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-thormod, love of maids!"

"Soft voice of the streamy isle, why dost thou mourn by night? The race of daring Trenmor are not the dark in soul. Thou shalt not wander by streams unknown, blue-eyed Oino-morul. Within this bosom is a voice; it comes not to other ears; it bids Ossian hear the hapless in their hour of wo. Retire, soft singer by night! Ton-thormod shall not mourn on his rock."

With morning I loosed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orchol heard my words, in the midst of his echoing halls. "King of Fuarfed, wild, why should Ton-thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghosts rejoice in death. They stretch their arms of mist to the same shell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors! it was the cloud of other years."

Such were the deeds of Ossian, while yet his locks were young: though loveliness, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many isles. We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

Colna-dona:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fingal dispatches Ossian and Toscar, to raise stone, on the banks of the stream of Crona, t perpetuate the memory of a victory, which h had obtained in that place. When they wer employed in that work, Car-ul, a neighbourin chief, invited them to a feast. They went and Toscar fell desperately in love with Colnt dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona be came no less enamoured of Toscar. An inci dent, at a hunting party, brings their loves t a happy issue.

COL-AMON‖ of troubled streams, dark war der of distant vales, I behold thy cours between trees, near Car-ul's echoing hall There dwelt bright Colna-dona, the daughter

‖ Col-amon, the residence of Car-ul, was the neighbourhood of Agricola's wall, towar the south. Car-ul seems to have been of t race of those Britons, who are distinguished t the name of Maiatæ, by the writers of Rom Maiatæ is derived from two Gallic words, 'Moi a plain, and 'Aitich,' inhabitants; so that t signification of Maiatæ is, the inhabitants of t plain country; a name given to the Britons, wh were settled in the Lowlands, in contradistin

the king. Her eyes were rolling stars; her arms were white as the foam of streams. Her breast rose slowly to sight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her soul was a stream of light. Who, among the maids, was like the love of heroes?

Beneath the voice of the king, we moved to Crona‖ of the streams, Oscar of grassy Lutha, and Ossian, young in fields. Three bards attended with songs. Three bossy shields were borne before us: for we were to rear the stone, in memory of the past. By Crona's mossy course, Fingal had scattered his foes: he had rolled away the strangers, like a troubled sea. We came to the place of renown: from the mountains descended night. I tore an oak from its hill, and raised a flame on high. I bade my fathers to look down, from the clouds of their hall; for, at the fame of their race, they brighten in the wind.

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tion to the Caledonians, (i. e. 'Cael Don,' the Gauls of the hills) who were possessed of the more mountainous division of North Britain.

‖ Crona, 'murmuring,' was the name of a small stream, which discharged itself in the river Carron. It is often mentioned by Ossian, and the scenes of many of his poems are on its banks. The enemies, whom Fingal defeated here are not mentioned. They were, probably, the provincial Britons. That tract of country between the Friths of Forth and Clyde has been, through all antiquity, famous for battles and rencounters, between the different nations who were possessed of North and South Britain. Stirling, a town situated there, derives its name from that very circumstance It is a corruption of the Gailic name, 'Strila,' i. e. the hill, or rock of contention.

I took a stone from the stream, amidst t
song of bards. The blood of Fingal's foes hu
curdled in its ooze. Beneath, I placed, at inte
vals, three bosses from the shields of foes,
rose or fell the sound of Ullin's nightly son
Toscar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of soundi
steel. We raised the mould around the ston
and bade it speak to other years.

Oozy daughter of streams, that now art rear
on high, speak to the feeble, O stone, after Sc
ma's race have failed! Prone, from the storn
night, the traveller shall lay him, by thy sid
thy whistling moss shall sound in his dream
the years that were past shall return. Battl
rise before him, blue shielded kings descend
war: the darkened moon looks from heave
on the troubled field. He shall burst, with mor
ing, from dreams, and see the tombs of warrio
round, He shall ask about the stone, and t
aged will reply, "This grey stone was raised
Ossian, a chief of other years!"

From† Col-amon came a bard, from Car-t
the friend of strangers. He bade us to the fea

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† The manners of the Britons and Caledonia
were so similar in the days of Ossian, that the
can be no doubt, that they were originally t
same people, and descended from those Ga
who first possessed themselves of South Britai
and gradually migrated to the north. This h
pothesis is more rational than the idle fables
ill-informed senachies, who bring the Caled
nians from distant countries. The bare opini
of Tacitus, (which, by the bye, was only found
on a similarity of the personal figure of the Ca
donians to the Germans of his own time) thou
it has staggered some learned men, is not suf

of kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-dona. We went to the hall of harps There Car-ul brightened between his aged locks, when he beheld the sons of his friends, like two young trees with their leaves.

"Sons of the mighty," he said, "ye bring back the days of old, when first I descended from waves, on Selma's streamy vale. I pursued Duth-mocarglos, dweller of ocean's wind. Our fathers had been foes. We met by Clutha's winding waters. He fled, along the sea, and my sails were spread behind him. Night deceived me on the deep. I came to the dwelling of kings, to Selma of high-bosomed maids. Fingal came forth with his bards, and Conloch, arm of death. I feasted three days in the hall, and saw the blue eyes of Erin, Ros-crana, daughter of heroes, light of Cormac's race! Nor forgot did my steps depart: the kings gave their shields to Car-ul: they hang, on high, in Col-amon, in memory of the past. Sons of the daring kings, ye bring back the days of old!"

Car-ul placed the oak of feasts. He took two bosses from our shields. He laid them in earth, beneath a stone, to speak to the hero's race. "When battle," said the king, "shall roar, and our sons are to meet in wrath; my race

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cient to make us believe, that the ancient inhabitants of North Britain were a German colony. A discussion of a point like this might be curious, but could never be satisfactory. Periods so distant are so involved in obscurity, that nothing certain can now be advanced concerning them. The light which the Roman writers hold forth is too feeble to guide us to the truth, through the darkness which has surrounded it.

shall look, perhaps, on this stone, when they prepare the spear. Have not our fathers met in peace, they will say, and lay aside the shield?"

Night came down. In her long locks moved the daughter of Car-ul. Mixed with the harp arose the voice of white-armed Colna-dona. Toscar darkened in his place before the love of heroes. She came on his troubled soul, like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean: when it bursts from a cloud, and brightens the foamy side of a wave.

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With morning we awaked the woods; and hung forward on the path of roes. They fell by their wonted streams. We returned through Crona's vale. From the wood a youth came forward, with a shield and pointless spear. "Whence," said Toscar of Lutha, "is the flying beam? Dwells there peace at Col-amon, round bright Colna-dona of harps?"

"By Col-amon of streams," said the youth, "bright Colna-dona dwelt. She dwelt; but her course is now in deserts, with the son of the king; he that seized her soul as it wandered through the hall."

"Stranger of tales," said Toscar, "hast thou marked the warrior's course? He must fall; give thou that bossy shield!" In wrath he took the shield. Fair behind it heaved the breasts of a maid, white as the bosom of a swan, rising on swift rolling waves. It was Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king. Her blue eyes had rolled on Toscar, and her love arose.

THE

Death of Oscar:

A POEM.

INTRODUCTION.

One of the fragments of Ancient Poetry lately published, gives a different account of the death of Oscar, the son of Ossian. The translator, though he well knew the more probable traditions concerning that hero, was unwilling to reject a poem, which, if not really of Ossian's composition, has much of his manner and concise turn of expression. A more correct copy of that fragment, which has since come into the translator's hands, has enabled him to correct the mistake, into which a similarity of names had led those who handed down the poem by tradition. The heroes of the piece are Oscar the son of Carnth, and Dermid the son of Diaran. Ossian, or perhaps his imitator, opens the poem with a lamentation for Oscar, and afterwards, by an easy transition, relates the story of Oscar the

of Caruth, who seems to have borne the same character, as well as name, with Oscar the son of Ossian. Though the translator thinks he has good reason to reject the fragment as the composition of Ossian, yet as it is, after all, still somewhat doubtful whether it is or not, he has here subjoined it.

WHY openest thou afresh the spring of my grief, O son of Alpin, inquiring how Oscar fell? My eyes are blind with tears, but memory beams on my heart. How can I relate the mournful death of the head of the people! Chief of the warriors, Oscar, my son, shall I see thee no more!

He fell as the moon in a storm; as the sun from the midst of his course, when clouds rise from the waste of the waves, when the blackness of the storm inwraps the rocks of Ardannider. I, like an ancient rock on Morven, I moulder alone in my place. The blast hath lopped my branches away: and I tremble at the wings of the north. Chief of the warriors, Oscar, my son! shall I see thee no more!

But, son of Alpin, the hero fell not harmless as the grass of the field; the blood of the mighty was on his sword, and he travelled with death through the ranks of their pride. But Oscar, thou son of Caruth, thou hast fallen low! No enemy fell by thy hand. Thy spear was stained with the blood of thy friend.

Dermid and Oscar were one: They reaped the battle together. Their friendship was strong as their steel; and death walked between them to the field. They came on the foe like two rocks falling from the brows of Ardven. Their swords were stained with the blood of the valiant: warriors fainted at their names. Who was equal to Oscar, but Dermid? and who to Dermid, but Oscar?

They killed mighty Dargo in the field; Dargo who never fled in war. His daughter was fair as the morn; mild as the beam of night. Her eyes, like two stars in a shower; her breath the gale of spring: her breasts, as the new-fallen snow floating on the moving heath. The warriors saw her, and loved; their souls were fixed on the maid. Each loved her as his fame; each must possess her or die. But her soul was fixed on Oscar; the son of Caruth was the youth of her love. She forgot the blood of her father; and loved the hand that slew him.

Son of Caruth, said Dermid, I love; O Oscar, I love this maid. But her soul cleaveth unto thee; and nothing can heal Dermid. Here, pierce this bosom, Oscar! relieve me, my friend, with thy sword!

My sword, son of Diaran, shall never be stained with the blood of Dermid.

Who then is worthy to slay me, O Oscar, son of Caruth? Let not my life pass away unknown. Let none but Oscar slay me. Send me with honour to the grave, and let my death be renowned.

Dermid, make use of thy sword; son of Diaran wield thy steel. Would that I fell with thee! that my death came from the hand of Dermid!

They fought by the brook of the mountain, by the streams of Branno. Blood tinged the running water, and curdled round the mossy stones. The stately Dermid fell! he fell, and smiled in death.

And fallest thou, son of Diaran, fallest thou by Oscar's hand! Dermid who never yielded in war, thus do I see thee fall! He went and returned to the maid of his love; he returned, but she perceived his grief.

Why that gloom, son of Caruth? what shades thy mighty soul?

Though once renowned for the bow, O maid, I have lost my fame. Fixed on a tree by the brook of the hill, is the shield of the valiant Gormur, whom I slew in battle. I have wasted the day in vain, nor could my arrow pierce it.

Let me try, son of Caruth, the skill of Dargo's daughter. My hands were taught the bow: my father delighted in my skill.

She went. He stood behind the shield. Her arrow flew, and pierced his breast.

Blessed be that hand of snow; and blessed that bow of yew! Who but the daughter of Dargo was worthy to slay the son of Caruth? Lay me in the earth, my fair one; lay me by the side of Dermid.

Oscar! the maid replied, I have the soul of the mighty Dargo. Well pleased I can meet death. My sorrow I can end. She pierced her white bosom with the steel. She fell; she trembled; and died.

By the brook of the hill their graves are laid; a birch's unequal shade covers their tomb. Often on their green earthen tombs the branchy sons of the mountain feed, when mid-day is all in flames, and silence over all the hills.

FINIS.

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